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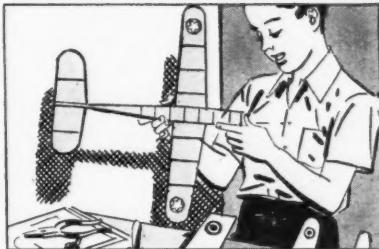
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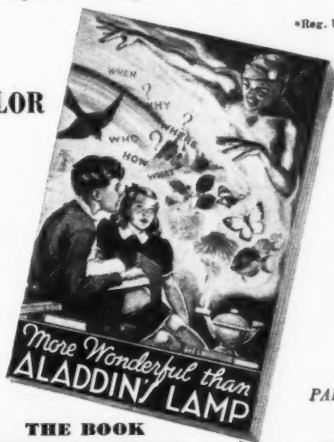
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CH 5-45

## Prayer FOR GROWN SONS

They are men now, Lord—my hands at last are  
emptied  
Of the countless tasks required for so long,  
And I am helpless quite before the problems  
That grown sons face. I cannot right earth's wrong,  
Or smooth their pathways, but dear Lord, *You* can.  
Speak to them face to face, as man to man.

I have no legacy to leave them,  
But if my prayer be answered, it will give  
Them more than any wealth the world can offer.  
I pray, "Christ, be their comrade while they live.  
Walk with them should they feel they walk alone,  
And make Your presence daily, hourly known.

Companion them. I ask for nothing greater  
Than this rich blessing for these precious ones:  
The white companionship of Christ—a young man,  
As counselor and guide to these, my sons.  
I loose their hands. I have done all I could do.  
I trust them Lord implicitly with *You*."

*By* GRACE  
NOLL  
CROWELL





TO THRILL YOU  
AND THRILL YOU  
AND THRILL YOU

*and make your heart glad!*

A man searches the skies  
... and finds faith! Faith in  
a woman's love, and the  
laughter of children—in the  
steel-spitting guns of a  
shark-jawed P-40—in the  
Comrade-in-Arms who flew  
beside him through fear and  
flak into high adventure!



Dennis Morgan as Col.  
Robert Lee Scott, Jr.



— as Gen. Chennault  
the fiercest Flying  
Tiger of them all!



You could count on the  
Flying Padre for com-  
fort—and a laugh!

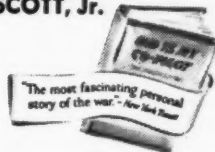


His hobby was painting—  
Jap flags on the fuselage!

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# CHRISTIAN Herald

May, 1945

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## DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

### Question:

*It has been reported that under a recent Selective Service ruling the supply of Protestant but not Catholic students for the ministry has been cut off. Is this true? Why such incredible discrimination?*

### Answer:

There was no discrimination on the part of the Government. Here again is an illustration of our Protestant weakness where unity and long-time planning are required. The Catholic Church has junior seminaries, also designates candidates for the priesthood in earliest school years. Protestants are learning their lesson. Also since this question was written, the Government has adjusted the ruling so that properly accredited pretheological students may be deferred. This is exceptional consideration for any Government to make in wartime. We Protestants have only ourselves to blame for our difficulty.

### Question:

*Were missionaries compelled to leave Japan if they did not compromise in the matter of emperor worship?*

### Answer:

Some missionaries were compelled to leave Japan and many were forced out of Korea because of their loyalty to Christianity and their refusal to support or allow so called "ancestor," or "emperor" worship.

### Question:

*Is the giving of the tithe compulsory upon Christians now? Does the tithe apply to income or to principle?*

### Answer:

The tithe applies to income. It is not "compulsory." I have been a tither for many years. I find it to be sound practice and to me it is the beginning of giving. Perhaps I should say that I do not "give" until I "pay" the tithe.

### Question:

*Would you advise a busy housewife, who would like to learn to write, to subscribe for a correspondence course in journalism? Are these organizations reliable and may they be trusted to really keep their promise?*

### Answer:

The company referred to in this question, and advertised in CHRISTIAN HERALD, is thoroughly reliable but it does not, nor does any other company in the field, guarantee to make a successful journalist out of every one taking the course! Here many factors are involved—natural ability, willingness to follow directions and a great deal of hard work. Certainly it would be worthwhile taking such a course just from the standpoint of self-help and intellectual enrichment.

### Question:

*Ours is a Midwest town of 4000. Recently our most influential church invited a colored choir from a Southern college to give a concert. When the choir arrived it was not allowed in the hotel and only a small eating house on a side street would serve the young people. The minister did his best but not a single home in his congregation would entertain choir members. At last the pastor took the girls into the parsonage and cared for the boys in tents on his lawn. Members of this same church are giving time and money to convert the heathen in Africa. What do you have to say to this?*

### Answer:

First, I hope and pray that it is not true—but I am afraid it is true. I have nothing to say! Shame overwhelms me. But what does Jesus Christ have to say? What about the first and great Commandment, and then the second which is "like unto it"? What does America have to say? And what will God say and eventually do, to such a church?

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

Question:

*Do you think a person can be an actor or actress and continue to be a Christian, and should Sunday-school teachers attend Sunday night shows?*

Answer:

Yes to the first part of that question and no to the second. I am acquainted with actors and actresses who are Christians. But they have terrific temptations.

Question:

*I have heard that religious radio programs will be curtailed by the Federal Communications Commission and that presently very few programs of religious character will be allowed. Will not CHRISTIAN HERALD do something about this?*

Answer:

I know of no such plan. I do not believe that the Federal Government will take this course. Certainly all programs—religious and secular—must come under the law and meet the requirements of sound morals and common courtesy. We would not want it otherwise than this. But any Government attempt to suppress religion on the air would not long survive.

Question:

*I am a young married woman with a baby son. Since he came I have begun to read my Bible seriously. I am troubled about the unpardonable sin. There have been times in the past when I have used profanity. Have I committed this sin? Am I hopelessly lost?*

Answer:

You have not committed this sin and you are or may become "hopefully" saved! Have a personal talk with your pastor—right away. I am glad to give you comfort and assurance.

Question:

*I think you are dead wrong in saying that the Scriptures should be read in public schools without comment. I know of an instance where the teacher writes verses on the blackboard, calls attention to the failures of pupils to live up to standards. In this school the Scriptures are explained and glorified. Why not everywhere?*

Answer:

The answer appears in the question. How would you like to have a non-Christian teacher or perhaps an agnostic or atheist, explain the Scriptures? Also what about the laws of states that make the practice illegal? I still stick to my answer and repeat it here: "There should be no comments and interpretation—not in public schools. Indeed, comments and interpretation would almost universally bar the reading."



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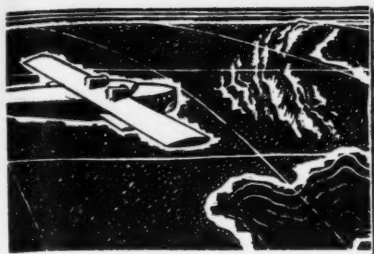
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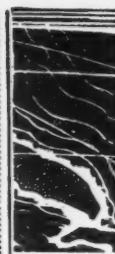
Denomination .....



# NEWS DIGEST

## *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

### AT HOME

**NEW WORLD:** The strike at the Briggs war plant (Detroit) involved 12,500 workers. They heard National Vice Commander of the American Legion, Lamarr Bailey warn Legionnaires in 38 states to be ready to go to work in strike-bound plants. The veterans, he said, would see to it if necessary, that the men at the front get the equipment they need.

Three long vivas for him, and his Legion. We're all for that suggestion. It makes us ponder the place of the veteran in the after-war period. Here are veterans arrayed against strikers; many there are who are saying that when the men come home from *this* war, that they too will go after the strikers who held from them the essentials of war, and "get even." We doubt it.

The veterans of World War II will be seeking jobs; to get jobs, they will have to join a union. That will take the snap out of any planned revenge on the wartime workers. The vets will want to get to work as soon as possible, marry the girl, start earning money, buy a little house and live happily in the peace they have fought for. We are not being flip-pant when we suggest that they will not be too much concerned with the building of a brave new world.

One boy wrote us last week from the Philippines; all he wants to do, when he comes home, is to "sit around and watch the grass grow." And why not? If we at home had been through what they have been through, we'd want something like that too, at least for awhile.

No—the strikers of wartime industry are not fearing judgment from the vets. Labor will stand before only one bar, for judgment: the bar of mankind's conscience. Most of the workers say they will stand there easily—for most of them, let it be said here, have *not* gone on strike. Labor, taken as a unit, has a pretty good record in this war; we haven't any right to condemn all because of the treason of the few.

caught in the strike-trap with Briggs were Chrysler and Dodge—and the end is not yet. At one period, no less than 35,000 were idle. Why?

The Briggs strike grew out of the firing of a group of minor union officials charged by the company with fomenting an earlier strike. Management all over the country is using the word "fomenting" quite often these days; management claims that labor is deliberately attempting to sabotage production and tie up management. It does not blame labor as a whole; it says that small groups of malcontents are doing it. It also claims that governmental red tape is snarling production, binding the wheels and making it impossible to meet production goals. Labor, on the other hand, claims that management is deliberately trying to sabotage unionism through the speed-up and by provoking mole-hill incidents that grow into mountains.

But there is another underlying cause for all this. War nerves. Weariness, thanks to long hours and speed-up and the lust for more money, on the part of both management and labor. Says one Detroit worker: "Six of us share the same car, and we have ridden to work together since Pearl Harbor. All of us have been working ten hours a day for over three years. But I have watched those other five men become more and more fagged as the weeks have gone on. I have watched them grow old on the job. I have seen them change from bright, noisy young fellows to men prematurely sobered and aged . . . Coughs hang on longer than they should. This is the side of the labor story you never see in the papers."

Then there is the haunting fear of the future. Fear of return to the day when jobs fizzle and there are ten men for every job and production dwindling to a peace-time basis again—that's something to worry about! There is trouble ahead for Detroit—and for the country far beyond the city limits of Detroit.

have tried escape; none have escaped permanently. Treatment of these prisoners varies with prison-camp commanders, but a strict adherence to Geneva Convention rules is observed. Coddling is definitely at a minimum, if there be any coddling worthy of the name. Some have tried strikes against camp labor; when they learned that if they did not work they would not eat, they went back to work. Italian prisoners are easier to handle, and more cooperative, than the Germans; that's why the Italians enjoy more privileges.

The German is still arrogant, stubborn, irreconcilable; the most arrogant are sent to an Oklahoma camp, where they strut, refuse to salute American officers, get away with whatever they think they can get away with. There have been five political murders in German camps, two forced suicides—all previous to April, 1944. There are many cooperative Germans; the older prisoners, especially, are fed up with the war and want only to get back to peacetime bread, work and family. And deep in the minds of German prisoners, old and young, shielded by arrogance or resignation, is the awesome question: "Will Germany be turned over to the Russians?"

They are more to be pitied than condemned. Their quarters are dreary shacks, their lives are bitter with monotony and defeat. They are the prisoners of despair, bitterly sitting out a war and faced with return to a homeland blasted and blown to bits. We are not pleading for any maudlin sympathy for the P.W.; they took their chances on the fortunes of war when they went to war, and they have little complaint when they compare their lot with the Allied P.W. in Germany and Japan. But we still wonder why it is that so many Americans go out of their way to insist that the salt of vengeance be rubbed into their wounds. That will hardly help in rebuilding the world!

**DETROIT:** It wasn't only the Briggs strike that worried Detroit this month;

**PRISONERS:** There are (at the moment) something above 350,000 prisoners of war in this country. About 1300

**COURIER'S CUES:** Radio manufacturers are laying unbelievable plans for post-war; Westinghouse sees a market of



at least 60 million prospective receiving-set buyers, immediately at war's end . . . Washington is said to be leaning toward more cooperation, not less, with Chinese Communists. Why? . . . Watch for a crackdown (Justice Department) on black market in railroad tickets . . . Henry A. Wallace, to get into his Commerce Department office, wore a required identification badge reading "Temporary 1374" while his fate was being decided. He's swapped it for a permanent one, now . . . Archbishops Spellman of N. Y., Stritch of Chicago, Mooney of Detroit have probably been cardinals for months, though nobody but they and the Pope know it . . . Japanese at Luzon used a 2,000 lb. rocket; if they'd had time to perfect and improve it . . . Standard Oil of California and the Texas Company will build gigantic pipeline across Saudi Arabia after the war . . . Look out for an early landing of U. S. troops on mainland of Asia . . . The wingspread of the B-29 is greater than the distance the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk! . . . And that's all for this month.

## ABROAD

**POWER:** If there was ever any serious doubt as to the importance of air-power in modern war, that doubt has been liquidated by the thousands of Allied bombers and fighters soaring day and night over Berlin and Tokyo. Not since The Flood (Genesis) has this world seen such complete, wholesale destruction. And not before has so much of the world wondered at the ability of the human being, individually and en masse, to take punishment.

When the Allies finally take Berlin, they will take a heap of rubble and ashes. When MacArthur (or whoever the general is to be) marches into Tokyo, he will take another heap of rubble and ashes. Estimates of the scope of destruction in Cologne vary from 70 to 85 percent of the whole area of the city. But in spite of all that, it still remains that it was necessary for *troops on the ground* to get in there and hold it. Air power alone did not do it.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Commander in Chief of the RAF Bomber Command, said some years ago that, given 1,000 bombers a night, he could end the war in three months. That was in the days when it was really something for England to send fifty ancient Whitley and Hampden bombers over Germany for a night's attack—and then rest up for a fortnight before trying it again. Well, we've seen the thousand bombers a night—we've seen *thousands* a night—and the enemy was distinctly *not* driven to his knees.

Yet, in credit to the flying men, they have so sapped German and Japanese strength—particularly productive strength—with their constant, devastating pounding, that the Japanese and Germans at the front have been deprived of the necessary arms, equipment and ammunition, to the point where they had to fight the very best equipped armies in the world with fifth-rate material and

Rome made a good speech. Pointing out the road to future peace for all peoples, he called upon *all* peoples to forsake the spirit of pride, ambition and cupidity which he said caused the war; he warned that this road was "covered with shadows which may be hiding surprises and dangers." To German ears he addressed this: "To those who have allowed themselves to be misled by the advocates of



Daniel Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times

## HOME TO ROOST

arms. Bridges were blown up from the air; railroad lines and locomotives were blasted sky-high; highways were torn to pieces—and the Wehrmacht tanks simply couldn't get through. Oil plants went up in smoke, war factories were blown out of the ground. What's more—the invasion at Normandy would have been drowned half-way across the Channel without that impregnable umbrella of Allied planes overhead. Air superiority, wrested from Germany at fearful cost, accomplished that.

Air power alone will not win wars; it did not win over London, Madrid, Cologne, Berlin; it will not win over Tokyo. Air power *plus* ground power—or surface ships at sea—is the inevitable winning combination from now on.

**ROAD:** Not often do we feature a Papal speech in these columns. But a good speech is a good speech, whoever makes it, and last week the Pope at

violence . . . and are beginning at last to wake up from their illusion . . . there remains no other road to salvation but to definitely repudiate the idolatry of absolute nationalism, pride of race and blood, the longing for hegemony in the possession of worldly goods, and to turn to the spirit of sincere brotherhood . . . There was more. This is typical.

The Pope is one hundred percent right. Brotherhood is the only road open. But—there are indeed surprises and dangers along this road. It isn't a short road. It will be long, tedious, hard. Nor will the desired brotherhood come by request, even at the request of a leader of the Church. It will come by way of a long process of education. It will take time—a lot of time.

A pacifist friend sat in our office this week; he is certain that what he calls "the principle of love" can be applied at once in international circles, and that it



President Roosevelt meets the U. S. delegates to the San Francisco Conference. L. to r., Rep. Sol Bloom, New York; Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College; Senator Tom Connally, Texas; Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius; Comdr. Harold Stassen; Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, Mich.; Rep. C. A. Eaton, N. J.

would bring peace. He believes that even now, the Germans and the Japanese would be so touched by that, that they would be happy just to forget the whole thing. We love the boy—but we can't help wishing he would consult a good psychiatrist. For brotherhood is a two-way affair, in such relations. Since Hitler demonstrated his conception of brotherhood in marching on Warsaw and in bombing Rotterdam hours after the city had surrendered, and since the Japanese demonstrated theirs at Pearl Harbor, we really haven't much faith in the idea that they would break out in tears of remorse if we would only start singing, "I Love You Truly."

Two must sing that tune. It has to be an international chorus. It is nonsense to think of one country disarming in the midst of others who refuse to disarm; *we must all disarm, at the same time*. Certainly brotherhood is the only way out. But before we get that brotherhood we must find a way to educate all men and nations into the wisdom of disarmament. Just saying "What the world needs is love," is too much like saying that all a man in a Nazi concentration camp needs is the carfare home!

**FUTURE:** Mr. Winston Churchill was the right man in the right spot at the right time in wartime England; he became a symbol, an inspiration that drove the people of Britain to win a war that seemed already lost. History will honor him for that. But will Mr. Churchill be the man in the peace that he was in war?

Will he continue in power? Will the British people want him to continue?

The agile Prime Minister has made his first moves in that direction; he spoke in London this week of forming a coalition administration for post-war governing, in which he would call forth representatives of all parties or none to serve in the same ruling body. He may or may not have the backing of other party men necessary for that; Labor and Liberals are not quite certain at the moment as to what Mr. Churchill means by coalition, and they probably will not support such an idea until they do know. It is interesting to recall that Lloyd George, Liberal Prime Minister of World War I, fought his post-war election on just such a platform as Mr. Churchill suggests, and while he won, it was the beginning of the end for his Liberal Party. Mr. Churchill's Conservatives haven't forgotten that, and some of them say they will never see the same thing happen to their party.

One other angle intrudes. Mr. Churchill is not young. He has fought a war and won it. When peace comes he will be a tired man. And he will still be a Tory in a world hard for Tories to live in. There will be a demand in England for a younger, more liberal mind at the helm of the ship of state.

We've been wrong a lot, predicting on men and events of the past few years, but we'd like to hazard just one more prediction. We think Mr. Churchill will hold on in England until the peace is made. Then he'll quit, or he may be dropped.

**SHAMBLES:** The chaos of the Nazi is complete. It is mass slaughter as we go to press, with surrender not far off. The best of the German officers are either dead or captured; the man in the ranks is badly led, if you can call it being led at all. Material is desperately short. They can't possibly win, and they know it. Why don't they quit?

They would quit if they could—and if one man would let them. It is not the common German, the man in the ranks, who has prolonged this war. It is his leader, who insists upon martyring the whole nation. He will leave naught but scorched earth; he will pull Germany down with him.

We've lost interest in reporting strategy and maneuvers; it's too one-sided. Once it was war. Now it is a shambles of blundering and blood, and revulsion is deep in the soul of the Allied soldier against the continuance of it. The American doughboy is becoming terribly weary of killing Germans out of whom has gone all hope and all aggressiveness.

It can't be long now—but even shortened to a matter of days, they will still be terrible days.

## CHURCH NEWS

**CHURCHMEN:** Congressman G. L. McDonough (R) of California has submitted to the House of Representatives at Washington a resolution calling for religious representation at the peace table. The proposal states that "Members of the clergy of the religious faiths believing in Almighty God should be appointed as members of the delegation representing the United States of America at any peace conference." It asks that the President appoint a Protestant minister, a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi, and "other representatives of other religious faiths" in the U. S.

This is only putting into Congressional language a hint we have heard all over the country from just plain churchmen. And somehow, we're not quite sure about it. We wonder if this would not cause more confusion than concord. Who is to determine, for instance, upon the Protestant representative? The Federal Council, or (for instance) the National Association of Evangelicals? (East is East and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet!) Would the Protestants of this country cheer the appointment of the Pope, who has been very often suggested as "The one man to represent Christendom"? And would the Zionist and anti-Zionist factions of American Jewry ever be able to agree on a delegation, or a delegate, at a conference where the fate of Zionism would surely hang by a thin hair?

Then, there are the more than 230,-

000,000 Mohammedans in this world; if religion is to have a voice, these cannot be ignored. There are 351 million Confucianists and Taoists; 231 million Hindus; 150 million Buddhists. Will they be there too, with their delegates or delegations? If they are, the politicians will have a time of it finding room to sit down.

We would not be facetious about so important a matter. What we are trying to say is that as Christians we have a far better chance of getting a Christian peace if we see to it that the statesmen who sit there sit with Christian hearts and minds. It seems more logical to exert our influence in that direction, before any peace conference gets under way, than to crowd the table and confuse the deliberations with a host of churchmen who are a lot less united in religion than the statesmen are in politics.

We could be wrong. What think ye, Protestant America?

**TIMBER:** We may be a bit previous with this item, inasmuch as F.D.R. still has some time to go in the Presidency. But a recent trip to Washington convinces us that at the moment, two men are head-and-shoulders above the pack as likely Presidential timber for 1948. The two are Wallace and Stassen. (And we're not starting a campaign for either of them, with this writing.)

Wallace is the great friend of labor; he has a huge following among social and economic liberals, and, as a Republican in a high Washington place remarked to us, "No matter what we think about Wallace politically, he speaks Churchman's language." That is true, and we all know it.

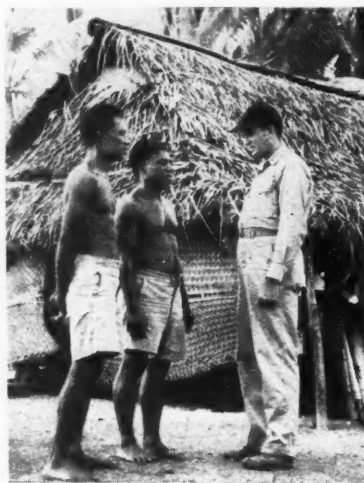
It is true also of Mr. Stassen, who will have in 1948 the additional advantage of a war-front record. The governor-on-leave of Minnesota has been lifted to places of real influence in the Northern Baptist Convention and the International Council of Religious Education. His recent "Seven Principles" of peace, and his slated presence at the San Francisco Conference, stamp him as a Christian statesman who also talks the language of the Church, without let, fear or hindrance.

This is something new. Two candidates respected and renowned for their deep religious faith stand facing one another. We think it has not happened before in the national political arena. Religion to the politician is usually—well, let's skip that.

**THE NATIVES:** No little cynicism is being voiced these days over what is liable to happen to the natives of colonies caught in the grip of imperialism. Particularly, those natives living in the colonies of the British Empire. Does the Atlantic Charter mean anything to them,

or is it another scrap of paper?

Good news comes from London, in a demand that racial discriminations be removed in consideration of the colonial question. The demand comes from the Conference of Missionary Societies in Great Britain and Ireland, representing all Protestant missions. It is news of first importance, because it comes from the homeland of the greatest imperialistic power on earth, and a homeland in which, heretofore, few such demands have been heard. We think it was Mr. Baldwin who said not too long ago that there could be no change whatever in



OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

*On the Gilbert Islands, Navy Chaplain H. A. MacNeill, Pawtucket, R. I., discusses the selection of natives to be sent to a missionary school for a year, financed by a group of Marine airmen.*

the British colonial system, because seven out of ten Englishmen depended on India for a living. There may be exaggeration here, but the basic idea holds.

But—there grows in England, if not in the colonies, a conviction that the historic superiority complex of the white colonizer must go, unless the dead of World War II are to have died in vain. It is a strong conviction among the natives, too; they have seen the white man take terrific punishment from the yellow man, and they will never think of him as "superior" again. For the sake of plain everyday self-preservation, the white man should change his ways; if he has Christian conviction, he must.

## TEMPERANCE

**BILL:** Well, the bill's in. And what a bill! The Department of Commerce tells us officially that in the year 1944, when we needed clear heads and sobriety more than we ever needed them in our history, we spent in these United States a record

seven billion dollars for booze. Yes, we said seven billion.

That means \$54 for every man, woman and child in the United States. We spent that while we were urging children to hoard their pennies carefully, to buy war stamps; while we put on the pressure to get ten percent of working men's and women's salaries for bonds; while churches all over the country were trying to make hay while the sun shone and collect money while money was plentiful to pay off church debts and get ready for post-war expansion and building. Seven billion. Or \$54 apiece. If you're still interested, the per capita contributions of Protestants in the U.S. for the work of the Church in the same year was \$15.69.

The boozemen make a great to-do over the fact that two billions of this seven went into taxes. Well, what of it? Who wouldn't give up two dollars if he could keep five? And how many war bonds would that five-billion profit have purchased for Uncle Sam, if it hadn't been poured down the great American gullet? And we wonder how many of the drinkers, under the influence, sounded off in noisy harangue about a government that is "taxing us to death"—not realizing while they sounded off that *they themselves, the drinkers, were shelling out the tax for the liquor they drank?*

The bartenders and the brewers didn't pay that tax, at all. Not a cent of it. The drinkers paid it.

Nice going, Barleycorn. It's a great racket that makes the victim pay the tax on his own destruction!

**CURFEW:** The curfew law isn't working so well in our town. Oh, yes, the night clubs and the plain saloons close up at 12 sharp; there hasn't been any trouble over that. But what's happened is that those drinking in those places manage to concentrate and swallow as much liquor in thirty minutes as formerly they swallowed in three hours. There is just as much liquor being consumed, curfew or no curfew. And we do hear of a speakeasy or two opening up here and there.

Which means that there are still people—as there will *always* be—smart (?) enough to find a way around any law. Have we remarked here before that morality runs before the law? It certainly does, in this Temperance question. More than ever, we are convinced that we are in for a long period of Temperance education before we can get down to clinching our hopes via the law.

We had a funny thing happen on Broadway the other night. A wounded soldier stood on a corner listening to the "gripping" of a little group of evening-clothes folks just chased out of a night club. Said the highly disgusted wounded one: "For this we fight!"





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# CHRISTIAN Herald



MAY, 1945

## GREATER THAN DUMBARTON OAKS

"SAN FRANCISCO 1945" may prove to be either a world triumph or a world disaster. Already the prophetic outline has been cast. The Atlantic Charter, Dumbarton Oaks, Bretton Woods and Yalta, point the way to freedom from the fear of war and a progressive realization of the ideals for which so many have died. I am glad that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, with the leadership of the Commission of which John Foster Dulles is chairman, has offered unconditional support to the constructive proposals that are now being brought to San Francisco though admitting that in their present form they do not fully meet Christian ideals.

Nevertheless it is true as the Federal Council Commission has said "that Christians must not only strive for ultimate goals, but also are responsible for supporting obtainable steps toward such goals." The Federal Council of Churches has presented eight measures for the improvement of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals—measures that we believe should have serious and favorable consideration at San Francisco.

1. Development of international law.
2. That a nation while discussing its own case should not be permitted to vote when its case is being judged.
3. Liberalize the provision for amendment.
4. International responsibility for colonial or dependent areas.
5. A special commission on human rights and fundamental freedoms.
6. Eventual universal membership.
7. More specific provisions for limitation of armaments.
8. A preamble reaffirming long range purposes of justice and human welfare.

Let us resist the efforts of those who demanded perfection rather than progress toward an ultimate goal, while at the same time we aggressively support all steps toward reconciling Christian idealism with the hard realities of international affairs.



Perhaps even more significant to the Christian Church than San Francisco, and certainly more central in her field of responsibility, are the proposals of the distinguished missionary educator and linguist, Dr. Frank C. Laubach. These proposals are a direct challenge to the Christian Church to be big enough for its imposed task. He envisions a united effort on a scale never before attempted to destroy World War III by destroying under frontal attack all major causes of war. He calls for a billion dollars and shows how to raise it. He challenges the churches to assume direct responsibility for making the world a "friendly, cooperative community." He would incorporate all church programs of rehabilitation and relief and all missions into *one plan*. A survey and a budget are provided, the budget to be raised by asking from each church member (in a united appeal) the minimum gift of one twenty-five dollar bond. Candidates for the mission field would receive technical training and would go out as specialists. Vocational schools would be established. Friendly cooperation would become a Twentieth Century cooperative missionary movement.

Far from being a substitute for preaching the Gospel, this program preaches the Gospel. It would make the Christian Church the Twentieth Century Good Samaritan of Mankind. Frank Laubach is convinced that a wealth of evidence from China, the Philippines and Micronesia justify his declaration that "missions have the only answer," that "world tragedy brings the Church its greatest opportunity since Christ appeared, to reveal the power of Christ," that today is "America's judgment day" and that for us to merely join in policing the world would make us the world's most hated country.

Whatever the responsible leaders of the churches do with the Laubach proposals, this man who has already made a completely unique contribution to Christian missions and to world education, has in our time lifted a voice that sounds like William Carey or David Livingstone or St. Paul. If Christians really believed, believed "hard enough" the thing could be done! And if it were done, in the light of its glory even Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta would be as little candles.

Let the Church become the Church and seeing the Invisible Himself, go out to accomplish the impossible. Jesus Christ is the world's only sufficient Saviour, and here is a man who talks as though he utterly believes it.

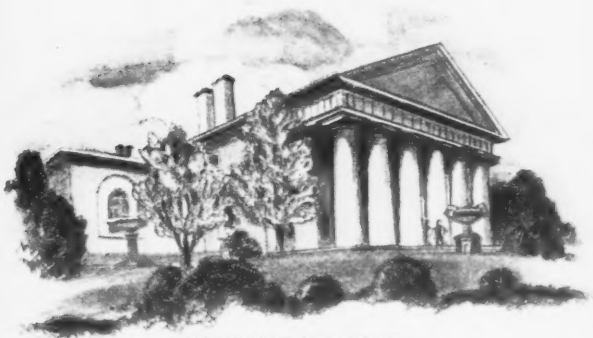
## Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR IN CHIEF

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.



# NOBLEST HILL



THE LEE MANSION AT ARLINGTON, AS IT APPEARED IN 1860.

A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN CHOSE ARLINGTON AS A PROPER SITE FOR HIS MANOR. BUT AN INEVITABLE FATE HAS CONSECRATED THIS HILL THE NOBLEST ONE IN ALL OF AMERICA.

By FRANK S. MEAD

WHERE is America? What is it? Where would you look for it? Can you put your finger on it, in Manhattan or Milwaukee or Montana? You can touch part of it there—a very small part of it. But ultimately, this America is not a *quantity*, not soil or cities or men. It is a spiritual *quality*. You can't see it or touch it, but if you ever wander into the National Cemetery at Arlington, you may feel and hear it. That is, if your soul has ears to hear the sound of America marching.

Yes, it's a cemetery, and cemeteries are supposed to be the drear citadels of melancholy. This one isn't. This is the American Valhalla. This is the last bivouac of the nation's heroes. On this hill there is a trembling, pulsating something that seems to cry to the living: "Here it is. Here is your America. Here is everything great about it, everything fine, summed up, concentrated. Here is everything you want it to be, as clear and clean as the wind in the trees, as everlasting as these hills."

There is a gallant old mansion sitting atop the noblest hill in Arlington, right where it can look across the Potomac at the capitol dome and the Washington Monument and the White House, and sit in silent, terrible judgment of everything that goes on in the capital. The grandson of Martha Washington built it and lived in it and died in it and left it to his daughter, whose name was Mary Custis, and who married a young Virginian just graduated from West Point, a lieutenant named Lee. Robert E. Lee.

The Lees were living in the mansion when Abraham Lincoln came to the White House; Lincoln offered Colonel Lee command of the Union armies, when North and South finally came to the parting of the ways. There is a sign on a picket fence in Washington telling posterity that in the house behind that fence, the colonel turned down the offer and resigned from the

THE AMPHITHEATER ENTRANCE AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.

United States Army. Within twenty-four hours he was in Richmond, and Mrs. Lee and the children were rolling down the driveway of Arlington in a carriage, leaving the ancestral hall forever. That must have been hard.

The Yankee troops took possession of Arlington. They found the doors unlocked, as hospitable as ever. The place was weirdly silent. Mrs. Lee had managed to ship some of her costliest possessions south, but a lot was left behind. The Yanks stormed in. They looted the place. They carried off priceless relics of George and Martha Washington and the slaves on the place carried off some more and for days afterward hawkers in the streets of Washington were selling it like cheap peddler's trash. Army officers set up headquarters in the house, resting their spurred boots on mirrorlike tables. Forts were thrown up on nearby slopes; deep trenches gashed the lovely green lawns. This was war!

Soon, the Yankee officers lounging on the porch could see shiploads of the wounded coming up the Potomac from the slaughter in Dixie. Cargoes of torn, maimed, bleeding, moaning men; the victims lay on the decks, in the cabins and companionways, on the stairs; harassed sailors and officers often stepped on them, in the dark. Many prayed for death before the ship reached dock in Washington, and a merciful God answered many a prayer. . . .

There were fifty-six hospitals in Washington. Not nearly enough. They died in droves. Army ambulances painted black and used as hearses rumbled over the cobblestones night and day. Eight thousand were soon buried in the Soldier's Home Cemetery, the only military burying-ground in the city. The undertakers made money, hand over fist. The government gave the undertakers contracts which called for shroud, coffin, vehicle, team, driver and grave—all for \$4.99 per dead soldier. The chaplains and the local clergy held a meeting at the YMCA to protest against such pagan burials. To Washington, as volunteer nurse, came gently reared, sensitive Louisa M. Alcott of Concord, Massachusetts, to sit all night holding the hand of a dying drummer-boy, suffering his agony with him and pretending she was his mother. At dawn, the watchman had to unlock her fingers. Her heart and mind broke and she caught the fever and she was taken home to Concord in a delirium in which she dreamed she had married a tall handsome Spaniard in a black velvet cape and with soft white hands. . . .

That was America, then. Louisa May Alcott and an unknown drummer-boy, suffering and dying horribly, caught in a chaos of blundering and blood and doing the best they could do in it because they were driven by a dream—the American dream that had to do with freedom and human rights and a better, unfolding, developing, progressing democracy. They would have gone through it all again, had the call come. Cynics there are who laugh or sneer at the Civil War—but those who were there, those who fought it through, fought with no sneer, no laugh. There was a hope and a trust in them, on which they knew they were building America's greatness.

Now Abraham Lincoln, in those days, visited the hospitals. He drove out one afternoon to get some fresh air and to "see some of my boys," and on the Aqueduct Bridge that crossed the Potomac from Washington to Arlington, he picked up General Meigs. Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs, lately charged with the duty of finding new burial grounds for the Union dead, quickly. They drove up the hill to the mansion; the house was a hospital now. Long endless rows of little white tents stretched in



all directions under the cathedral-like arches of the old trees. Old Abe went his rounds, up and down, up and down, a great gangling grey man with a fearful pain behind his eyes. He'd ask the boy from Iowa what he heard from the folks at home, about the crops. He'd ask the stripling from Georgia if there was anything he could do . . .

That's America! The rail-splitting commoner with mud on his boots going on his errands of

compassion across the acres of blue-blooded, aristocratic Lee. Even a Civil War couldn't stop that. That was, and is, the honest real Americanism that needs no soapbox, that outwits the carpet-bagger.

The President and the Quartermaster were just about to step back into the carriage when two soldiers passed them, carrying a stretcher. How many dead were there here, asked General Meigs. Twelve. Awaiting burial. But—where? The general pointed to a gentle slope. "Bury them there. Bury all of them there."

That's how the National Cemetery began. And not one in ten million of us know that the first one buried that day was L. Reinhardt, trooper of the 23rd North Carolina—a Confederate soldier. And beside him the second, was buried Edward S. Fisher, sergeant of Company D, 40th New York Infantry—a Yankee. The Blue and the Gray, the North and the South, equal in honor. That's America. Scars heal quickly here.

By the end of June, '64, there were 2,600 resting in 200 acres officially set aside as a military cemetery. A year later there were 5,003. They were Yanks and Johnny Rebs, white men, colored men, privates, captains, colonels. There was Z. Dean, teamster; G. Freeman, bugler; W. Johnson, U. S. sailor; F. Murphy, laborer; M. Dawson, Lieutenant Colonel; J. Liffin, drummer (boy?); Catherine Kimball, nurse; and even W. Anderson, "supposed deserter." Americans. Fallen in a fight for what they thought was right. They were level in honor; the halls of Valhalla know no favorites.

And by the time Lee and Grant shook hands at Appomattox, there were 136 Confederates at Arlington, sleeping in the shadow of Marse Robert's house. They would have loved that, had they known. Near them soon came a monument above a great common resting place where 120 unknowns were buried beneath an inscription which said that they were ". . . dead to liberty and known to God."

Aye, some of them were far from being saints. Some were doubtless blasphemers, some may have lived lives that almost broke the heart of God. Some may have been cowards, thieves. Who knows? Some never wanted to go; they were dragged to battle. And some were candidates for sainthood, good men, wise men, men willing to die for the dream, men in high favor with man and God. What is important about them is that they stood together and fought together and out of the common confusion of their living and dying came a firm, a stubborn belief that it is right that the individual work and struggle and suffer for the many, that we all owe a duty to the majority. That's America! All these at Arlington are a part of our upward climb; they are the inspiration of it. They knew that their leaders might blunder and they knew that sometimes they might be deceived as to motives and claims of patriotism and yet (Continued on page 52)





# Is PEACE My Job?

By GRACE S. WILSON

**H**OW can it be my job? I am only a housewife. I don't understand foreign affairs. I thought it was the job of diplomats and ambassadors in tall silk hats. Is peace *my* job?

"Yes, peace is your job." That in effect, is what Cordell Hull said in the paper one day last fall. I read the item then. I've been trying to forget it ever since. But my conscience won't let me.

I work hard, taking care of my three children. I wash, iron, clean, mend, make clothes. Do USO and Red Cross canteen work. Usually I am too tired at the end of the day to wonder if there is anything further I should be doing. But I remember now and then that news item in the paper last fall. "At the conclusion of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference on world security, Mr. Hull announced to the world that he calls for 'full study and discussion by the peoples of all countries' of the tentative proposals. And he added that the officials feel they can go no further with their plans, until they know what the American people will support."

What a challenge! It's more; it's an invitation. Does he really mean it? That we, the people, must tell them, the peacemakers, just how far they can go with their peace plans? Surely they know that we want peace. If they know that,

surely they are working on the plans. I saw something in the papers about Stettinius meeting the leaders of other countries to discuss peace plans. They probably will work it out all right.

But peace is *your* job, Mr. Hull said. And I have a little fear in my heart. I am scared sometimes, when I think that the officials might not do a good job. And I tremble when I think that maybe I am shirking when I don't think more about what is going on. I think of the fact that the war has affected all of us. It has taken effort on the part of all of us citizens, including even little children, to get this war won. Even youngsters collect waste paper, and buy war stamps.

And then I think of this fact that I know from my own experience is true. I know that it is harder to *make* something than it is to break it. It is harder to make a dress than it is to rip it up. It is harder for a child to build a castle high with blocks, than it is to knock it down. And in this connection I am beginning to wonder if it won't be harder to build a peace than it has been to destroy a world order. I realize, then, if it takes all of us to wage the war, it takes all of us, working harder, to wage the peace.

I have convinced myself. Peace *is* my job. How then is peace waged? What can I do? What is my part?

"Full study and discussion by the peoples of the world," is what Mr. Hull called for. Study, to me, means the public library. So I am going there and ask for something on the Dumbarton Oaks Conference. After all, if it is up to me to tell our government how far it can go in peace, I need first to find out how far it has gone already.

I read one afternoon the various magazines and pamphlets the librarian brought me. I find there is to be a set-up of an assembly to include all peace-loving nations, whose responsibility is to be mainly discussing and recommending action to the member nations. A council of the Big Four, plus France eventually, and rotating small nations, is to stop aggression. A judiciary is to be modeled on the world court. A social-economic council will take up problems of money, food, aviation, trade, relief, etc., and seek to eliminate the causes of war. There will be a military staff to act as a police force. Laws, Court, Police—it sounds good.

But all the time I am reading, I think to myself that I am no judge of such things. Maybe it reads well, but there must be a catch in it. So I tell the librarian that I want help on knowing how to judge such a document. What do other people think about it? Is there

(Continued on page 59)



PORTRAIT BY  
WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

COURTESY "COLLIER'S"

# Flaming SPIRIT



By STEWART  
HERMAN

As Told To SPENCER DURYEE

**D**R. HERMAN, author of the book *"It's Your Souls We Want,"* was for eight years pastor of the American Church in Berlin. Interned in Germany, he was eventually released. Now recently returned from Europe, he brings us hitherto unrevealed information on the defiant heroism of Kaj Munk, great Danish pastor and martyr, in his country's resistance to Nazi domination.

**T**HERE was something Lincolnesque about Kaj (pronounced Kai) Munk. He fought slavery. He fought it with a voice that echoed through his native Denmark like subterranean thunder. He fought for God and his fellow man and, like Lincoln, he died at an assassin's hand and now in death (again like Lincoln) he is a spirit roving Denmark, the ghostly spearhead of a resistance to the Nazis

who couldn't understand Kaj Munk alive, who fear him more than ever, dead. The world beyond Denmark may not know him—but it will!

PREACHER AND PLAYWRIGHT was Kaj Munk. He preached in his plays—and if the stage had more playwrights like him, it would be a better stage. One of his

CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945 • PAGE 16

# Kaj Munk kindled the flames of fearless Christian defiance; his is a spirit unquenchable, forever, on this earth.



favorite themes was the frivolity and social indifference of Danish youth. His first full-fledged play was titled "Herod The King." Munk started writing it during his university examinations and finished it after he had become pastor of the tiny parish of Vedersøe, in 1924. He pictured Herod fighting unsuccessfully for his Judean crown against the wiles of a voluptuous Cleopatra and the might of Antony's Roman Empire; a Herod acknowledging defeat at the hands of God on the very edge of death when, "paying homage with his heart," the old monarch gives a royal robe "woven without seam" to a baby. Herod, having spent his life defying God, is compelled to admit defeat. He cries, "Give me back the crown for which I gave up my soul." Aye, the playwright preached!

In 1929 Oslo, Stockholm and Copenhagen were cheering his plays and the village of Vedersøe, on the bleak North Sea coast of West Jutland, was beginning to love Kaj Munk, the village pastor. Once he tried to resign; he said he was working too hard. The villagers wouldn't listen to it. He was an eccentric soul, and sometimes in his eccentricity he seemed almost cruel. But he was a poet, preaching, and he was sincere, and he was complete stranger to all fear. He said what he had to say, openly. When a local inn tried (often) to get a liquor license, the people of Vedersøe said "No." They said that because good Kaj Munk said he would move out of their town the minute a public-house moved in, and that was that. He was not an eloquent preacher, and as time wore on he was becoming the blunt voice of his nation's conscience.

Came the Germans! They took Denmark overnight—took cattle, took food, agricultural products. They made great promises. Life would go on as usual in Denmark; never fear, little people, you are now safely within the Greater Reich. The Danes hated it—but what could they do, against this overwhelming horde? Most of them held their tongues and hoped for peace.

But the preacher of Vedersøe did not hold his tongue, for he despaired of peace from such a quarter. He cried out that Adolf Hitler was Antichrist, "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit." His best friends and the Nazis advised him to be cautious. "Cautious!" he stormed. "Was Christ cautious? Were

the martyrs cautious? I prefer Jesus! Hypocrites and whited sepulchres! That was what He called the political leaders of His country."

The Nazis were furious. They told their henchmen to take care of this fool, quickly. The Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs was ordered to instruct the clergy to abstain from any public comment. Munk sat down and wrote a letter in reply to that, to the Foreign Minister. Said Kaj Munk:

"Allow me with the utmost respect to inform the Ministry that I propose not only *not* to obey the circular, but to act in direct contravention of it . . . Danish clergy bind themselves by a vow taken on the symbolic Books and by much more that is good, but not so far to the Honorable Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is precisely on the grounds of my priestly vows that I base my action . . . I feel myself closely allied with my Norwegian brother clergy . . . They are fighting for the same ideals I have sworn to fight for. If from fear of man I were to withdraw and become a passive spectator, I should certainly feel that I was offending against my Christian beliefs, against my Danish . . . conscience, against my oath as a minister. It is better to do detriment to Denmark in her relations with Germany than in her relations with the Lord Jesus . . . If the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs does not take steps to revoke this ill-advised circular, I shall be obliged to address an appeal to all my colleagues that a Sunday be set apart for holding in our churches a common Christian demonstration on behalf of our dear valiant brother clergy in Norway."

He threw that into the teeth of the Nazis at a moment when all Denmark was under the Nazi heel. It was asking for sudden death; Kaj Munk knew that, but—what of it? The Nazis went after him in cold, silent fury; Annas and Caiaphas held their little meetings in the night. His friends were really alarmed now. One of them, a young fellow who had been the leader of a political youth movement, was Munk's close friend; he begged Munk to go to England and hurl his thunderbolts from there. Munk agreed that the day might come when it would be wise to do that, but that day was not yet. He wouldn't go. He believed his mission was to remain with his own people, talking and writing as long as he could against complete submission to the Germans. If he were to go now, his people

would think he was a coward. His young friend saw it was useless to argue, but he reserved the privilege of advising Munk further if things took a turn for the worse.

That Summer Kaj Munk wrote his memoirs. In the introduction he wrote that it was customary for a man to put his memoirs on paper when he reached the age of 70 or 80, but there were disadvantages in that. People who have reached that age have usually forgotten the real content of their lives. He adds, "If I do not feel it is right for me to wait until that time, it is because . . ."

Here he left three lines blank. Below them, in parentheses, he wrote: "Events which will happen within the coming year will enable the reader to insert the right sentence into the blank space."

The preacher had a premonition concerning his dying. We shall see more of this, as he goes on dying. . . .

Events moved like lightning now. Banned from the pulpits of Copenhagen, Munk had his sermons printed secretly, distributed widely. The Nazis began a campaign against the Jews; Munk called it detestable, warned that God's wrath would fall on a people who stood idly by while His ideals were outraged. In one of these sermons he said: "There are people who imagine truth can be kept in pickle . . . They are wrong. Truth won't keep. It only exists in a living state . . . the most dangerous of all lies is the dead truth. John the Baptist was a man of flesh and blood. Flesh is something that has nerves, and blood prefers to stay inside the body to which it has grown accustomed. His own flesh and blood warned him, 'Herod, just at the moment, is a powerful man. The time has not yet come to take action against him. Wait till his stock stands lower with the people or, by some piece of tactlessness, he has fallen out with the Romans. . . .' But John was not merely a man of flesh and blood. He was also a man of spirit. The spirit of God."

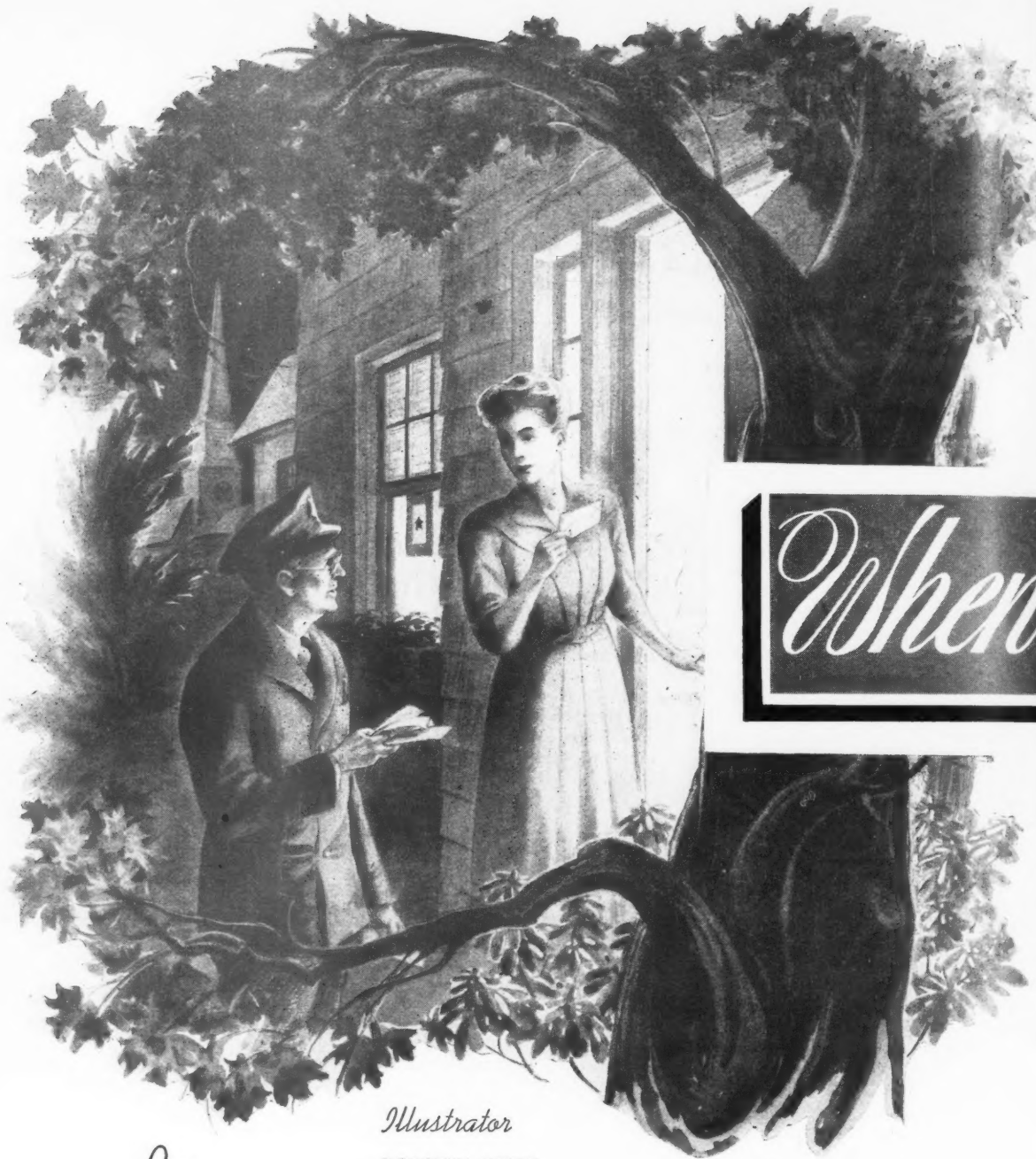
Put the name of Fritz Clausen, Denmark's quisling, in place of Herod's name, as Kaj Munk's listeners must have done! And read on: "So the great peace that came to John will come also to them (to Denmark's honest men) when they go to our Danish Herod and rebuke his adultery—for in our country, too, there is a Herod who consorts with strange Gods, a spirit of appeasement. . . ."

But Munk has no illusions. He flaunts in his hearers' faces the hard fact that Herod went on living in adultery and John went to prison where he was deserted by his friends until his head was borne into Herod's presence on a platter.

These sermons became a flame over Denmark. They spread fire, and sabotage. The Germans fought back with imprisonment and death—and the flame spread. The sermons and the memoirs

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When

*Illustrator*

DOROTHY GREEN

*By*

CHARLES T. HOLMAN

**N**EARLY three months it is since the telegram came, "The Secretary of War asks that I assure you of his deep sympathy in the loss . . .", but the hurt does not grow less. Indeed, as it penetrates, it seems to invade ever wider areas of both soul and body. The first shock is over, but the pain remains.

When the message was brought to my home I was a thousand miles away. For-

tunately my wife was not alone. A couple of friends had dropped in for a chat. But my sixteen-year-old son had taken Jo, his soldier-brother's young wife, to a picture show. Our friends told me later that when the telegraph messenger came to our door my wife, in her usual cheery manner, said, "I hope you have good news for me." "No," the rather elderly messenger replied, "I'm afraid not. It's a casualty." I need say nothing of the feeling of desolation which filled my wife's heart when the message was read, saying that our son had been killed, but

I am grateful to know that, as my friends told me, her first words were, "Poor Jo, how shall I tell her?" Even with the first stunning blow, her thought was for another. A couple of hours later, after the three stricken people—mother, wife and younger brother—had talked it over, they called me long-distance and I came home on the first train on which transportation could be secured.

I have tried to help other people face trouble. As a pastor, that has been my inescapable responsibility. But even

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while trying to help others, particularly families bereaved by this war and the last, I have found myself wondering how I should face it if such grief and loss should come to our home. For nearly four years our family has faced the possibility of what has now happened. Back in 1940 our son went to Canada and enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force and, after completing his training, served about ten months overseas as an air-gunner in the year when Britain stood alone. Very few of the boys with whom he trained are now alive. After America entered the war he obtained a discharge, returned to his own country, and entered the American Army Air Force. He was glad to be sent back to England about six months ago, for, in his previous service there, he had come to love and admire that country and its people. There he

Chuck gladly took, fully realizing what they were. He entered the service voluntarily and early. He saw threatened mankind's most precious values of freedom and justice and he threw his quivering flesh into the breach.

He could not hold lightly those treasures gained by long uphill toil and struggle on a path bespattered with blood. He had no illusions that these values, so dearly bought, could be retained by mere words when ruthless and cruel men would take them away. And so he chose to take the risks and was unafraid to pay the price, young as he was and dearly as he loved life. I think it is not irreverent to say that in him was something of the spirit of the Master of us all when He "steadfastly set His face to go up to Jerusalem," although He knew the dangers that lay ahead. We understand more

not their lives to be dear unto themselves. And we should not want one whom we held dear to consider his own self-preservation as the matter of first concern.

In the second place, we are enabled to face this tragedy and accept it, because we feel deeply that our son fulfilled the purpose of his life. All parents, of course, have ambitions for their children. Our ambitions for him never were very specific, so far as business or profession was concerned. We never hoped that he might be rich or famous, but we both hoped and prayed that he might be good and that he might be useful. He was not especially good in the pious sense. I could have wished that he might have been a more ardent churchman. But he was generous and kind, and I think the world was enriched by his life.

He was born shortly before America's entrance into the first world war, and the most popular song of the time was "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." I remember saying to his mother, "We're not raising him to be a soldier, either, and I pray God he may be spared that fate. But we're not raising him to be a coward, and, if the necessity ever arises, I hope he will not fail in his duty." And, as it happened, the necessity did arise, and he did not fail.

One of the kind notes of sympathy we received—and how many kind and generous notes have come!—said, "He died for his country, a glorious thing to do." But I think Chuck never thought of himself as serving, and possibly being called upon to give his life, only "for his country." That, of course, was part of it. But I recall listening to him talking with some of his youthful friends not long before he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and while America was still at peace. They were hotly debating America's relation to the war. One of the young men said, "Well, when America's shores are invaded, I'll be ready to fight." And Chuck replied, "I can't see that I have less responsibility for my brothers in Poland than I have for my brothers in New England."

It was of the whole human race and the values they cherished that he thought. No one can tell what services he might have rendered his fellows in other fields if he had been permitted to live, and the passing of young men of promise is one of the supreme tragedies of the war. But, at any rate, the opportunity to give himself completely came early—at 28—and, in our human scheme, his work was done.

Some may think that since the plans he had in mind for his life work were frustrated by events, his death represented defeat. And he had plans. His young wife showed me one of his letters in which he told her how happy he was to know that he had her to come back to. His heart was very much in the home

(Continued on page 54)

## THE DREAD MESSAGE COMES



gave his life, and his dust mingles with that of his forbears, for his ancestry, on both sides of the family, was British.

We are only one of many thousand families thus stricken, and many more, unhappily, may soon be called upon to endure this stark experience. Perhaps it will help others if I can tell how we have learned to face it, accept it, and live with it without bitterness of spirit or unprofitable repining.

In the first place, we were in some measure prepared for it, for we have always recognized that it might happen. Life is chancy at best, and Charles ("Chuck," he was called by everybody) was engaged in a job where the risks were high. It may seem strange to some, but we have never felt that we could pray that he be kept safe; he could not be safe and do his duty. The remarks of some friends, "It's hard to understand why this should happen to you!" seem to us to be completely unrealistic. We are no special favorites of Deity. Indeed, God has no favorites. His sun shines upon the just and the unjust and His rain falls upon the good and the evil.

Religious faith is not a magic through which one gains special favors. But we are very sure that a life which is built like a house upon a rock will stand, no matter what storms—even the devastating flood of death itself—may beat against it. The risks involved were risks

deeply now the meaning of the Cross in human life.

A passage from one of Chuck's letters written after his first London leave, while he served with the Royal Canadian Air Force, indicates his attitude. Those were the days of the blitz. Said he,

Don and I took the Underground to Leicester Square. There are long ramps running to the surface, high above the tunnel. Along all these ramps and on the train platforms sleep the bombed-out of London. Cheerful, unbeaten, laughing, they share their lot with thousands of unfortunates. The floors are cement, blankets the only beds, but the homeless are at home. It's pitiful, yet heartening. You cannot exactly pity people like these: that would make you seem their superior; and I felt very humble walking past them. I felt ashamed that I had been so comfortable, that Americans are so comfortable, and that I hadn't done something about it before I did.

So, he was prepared for what happened. And, in some measure, my wife and I were prepared for it too—although one seldom is as well prepared as one thinks. At any rate, we believed, before this great loss came to us, and we still believe, that the things that make life worth living can only be retained so long as there are some among us who count

"Ma-ma?" the boy said uncertainly. Then he said it again, and this time exuberantly, for now he knew what it meant.

By MARGARET  
LEE  
RUNBECK

**M**Y FRIEND Milton Bacon is a man who gets around. (He gets around to your house, matter of fact, sometime Sunday with what the radio column lists as "Transatlantic Call." It is a kind of report from us ordinary people of America to our neighbors in Britain . . . mother to mother, barber to barber, elevator operator to lift-man.)

Collecting material for this program, Bacon wanders up and down the highways and byways of our country, carrying good nature like a peddler's pack, and filling it with scraps of news and items of interest. He picks up stories from the past and the present . . . and even from the future, as a good story-collector should.

When he and I find ourselves in the same city, we lunch together and he rummages around in that big mental grabbag of his, and brings out some special treasures he has picked up for me. If I were interested in cooking . . . which I am, in a way . . . he would bring me recipes; if I liked gossip, he'd probably get out bits he picked up Winchell-shopping. But what he does bring me, lately, is news about prayers.

Prayers are plentiful, these days. You're likely to meet them anywhere, dressed in all kinds of uniforms . . . or other working clothes. For whenever headlines of disaster shriek across a world . . . or across an individual life . . . prayers come back into fashion. The boys in the services make no secret of it. "Sure," they say, "when death screams in one ear, God whispers in the other." Boys tell us that words they don't remember learning suddenly say themselves in the midst of danger—for

prayers wait deep in the memory. Prayers wait, and don't get lost, for they are made of immortal stuff. All sorts of notions fall upon the mental spot where a prayer lies buried, and cover it like snow, or like the years themselves. But when the sharp need comes, it all melts like snow, and the prayer lies bare.

Even the Gallup Poll . . . that prosaic thermometer of public temper . . . has noticed it. A recent poll revealed that sixty-four percent of the people in this country are reading their Bibles; one out of every ten in the whole population is reading it daily.

But prayers aren't new in America. A country built from the hardships America has surmounted, is bound to have prayers underpinning its history. Great, impres-

sive prayers said by statesmen, and little inarticulate prayers said by the small—important—people.

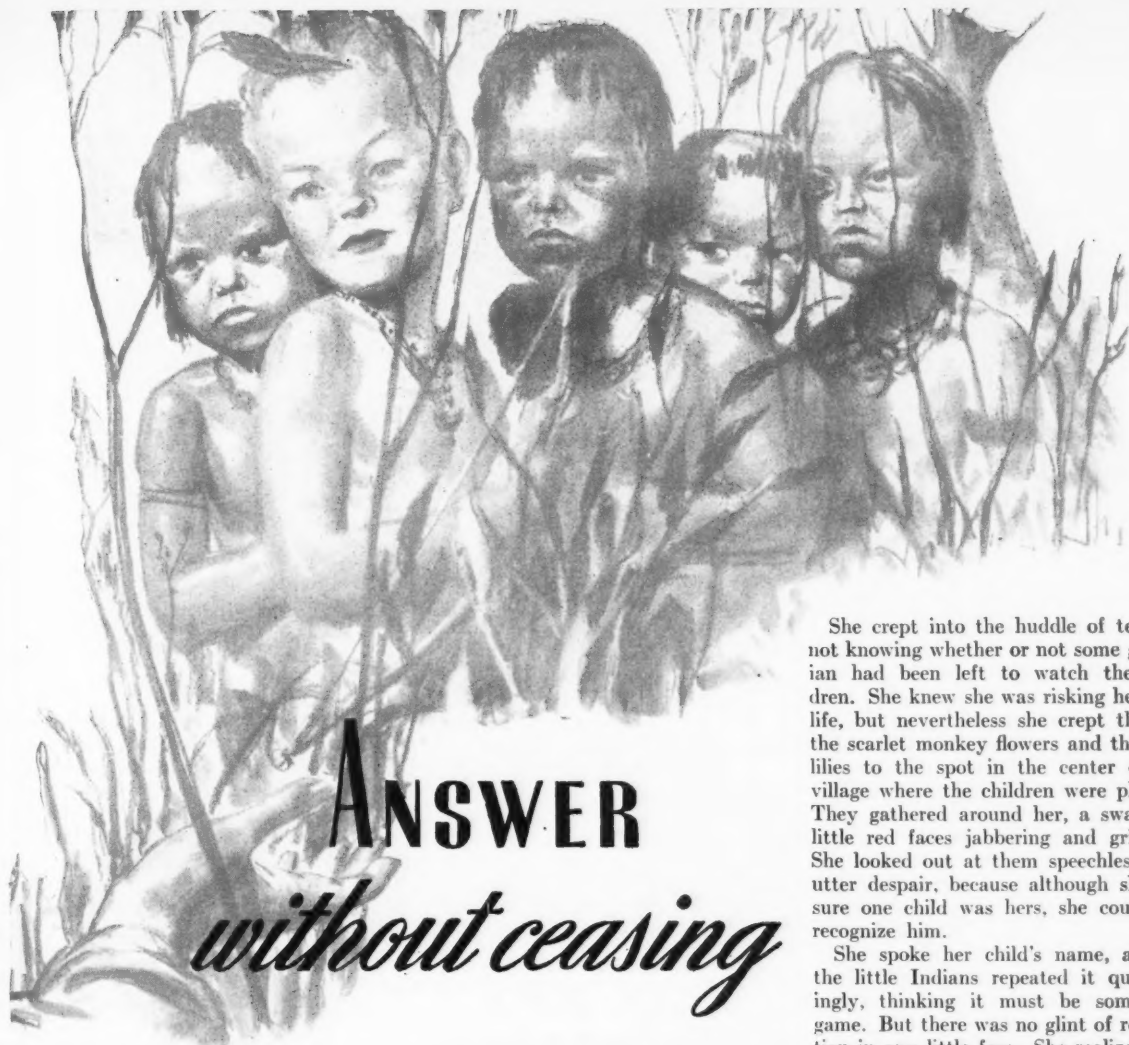
Like the story Milton Bacon brought back the other day from a trip to Utah. (I don't know how he finds these stories, but this I do know: he can make a small-town general store of the lobby of any cosmopolitan hotel. I've seen all types of strangers telling yarns around him like neighbors around a cracker barrel!)

This true story of his came from the early days of Utah, when life was so rugged that even ministers did their work with a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other. But it was a good sturdy work they did, and it sent out into the world effective men. Utah has

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# ANSWER *without ceasing*

contributed more names per capita to the American "Who's Who" than any other state in the Union. (That's what Milton tells me, and he admits it with a Southern accent, which gives extra point to the tribute.)

As recently as 1870, Indians still roamed through the territory, taking whatever they wanted from the lonely houses skirting the villages. One morning in the little town of Grantville, a Ute Indian rode up on his horse and saw a two-year-old boy playing out behind the kitchen garden of a tiny house. The Indian thought the light-skinned child would make an amusing gift for his squaw, so before the mother could run and rescue him, the little boy was scooped up behind the Indian, and carried off.

The young parents knew there was very slight chance of getting back their child, and of course they were desolate. But they were religious people, and praying was as natural to them as breathing.

They traced down every clue; every

traveler who passed their house was implored to keep on watch for a child that might be theirs. But the little boy seemed swallowed up, and every week made it appear more unlikely that he would be found, for the Indians were known to stain the white skin of the children they took, and to clip their ears, and pull out all their hair except one scalp lock.

Two years passed, and the mother never saw a four-year-old redskin with his scalp lock growing from the crown of his bald head, like the hull of a strawberry, without being tortured by the possibility that it might be her son.

At last her opportunity came. She learned from a friendly Indian that in a Ute village near the foothills of the Wasatch mountains, there was a kidnapped white child. Furthermore she found that on a certain day the Indians would all leave their village for a few hours and go up into the mountains for a special tribal ceremonial. Part of the ritual required that the male children should be left alone in the village.

She crept into the huddle of teepees, not knowing whether or not some guardian had been left to watch the children. She knew she was risking her own life, but nevertheless she crept through the scarlet monkey flowers and the sago lilies to the spot in the center of the village where the children were playing. They gathered around her, a swarm of little red faces jabbering and grinning. She looked out at them speechlessly, in utter despair, because although she felt sure one child was hers, she could not recognize him.

She spoke her child's name, and all the little Indians repeated it questioningly, thinking it must be some new game. But there was no glint of recognition in any little face. She realized that it was almost impossible that her child would remember her, for he had been a mere baby when he had been stolen, and there was nothing in his new life to remind him of the old one.

She closed her eyes and tried to pray, but no words came to her. Only a surge of heartbreak welled up in her. Then, hardly knowing what she was saying, she spoke words. Only to comfort herself she murmured them, but the twittering children quieted to listen.

"Now I lay me down to sleep . . . I pray the Lord my soul to keep," she whispered. The children drew near to hear, thinking it was some magic rhythm. Not one little face flickered with recognition; not one hand reached out to touch her.

She said another line. "If I should die before I wake . . ."

One child on the edge of the circle stirred. His eyelids blinked. The white woman scarcely breathed, as she whispered the next words. "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

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# A Spoiled CHILD

By

D. F. W. BOREHAM

A LITTLE child! Is there anything under the stars more beautiful? A little child with all his wondering innocence, his exquisite simplicity, his delicious charm! Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of His disciples, not to tell the little child that he must become like Peter and James and John, but to tell Peter and James and John that they must become like that little child. *Except, He said, except ye become as this little child, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

But a spoiled child! Is there anything under the sun more repulsive? A spoiled child with all his poutings and his simperings, his hectorings and his bullyings, his arrogance and his tantrums! A spoiled child, consumed by selfishness, is a spectacle for men and angels. A spoiled child is one of life's consummate tragedies. He who spoils a little child is an outlaw of society.

With a great fondness in his heart and a great fear at the back of his mind, Paul once wrote a very tender letter to his converts, his spiritual children. Beware,

he says, lest any man spoil you! In his sight there is something wonderfully beautiful about these men and women whom he has led to the feet of Jesus; and, with fatherly solicitude, he is intensely jealous concerning them. To him they are like precious but fragile vases that, once fractured, can never be repaired; they are like virgin snowflakes

that, once soiled, can never recapture their pristine purity; they are like little children whose sweetness, once destroyed, can never be restored. Beware, he pleads, lest any man spoil you! It is a most affecting, most searching, most penetrating admonition.

There are no people like the unspoiled

HE WHO SPOILS A LITTLE CHILD IS AN OUTLAW OF SOCIETY





people. Speaking generally, our literature contains two classes of men. There are the men whose works we admire without giving more than a passing thought to the writers themselves; and there are the men who win our affection quite apart from our attachment to their works. To take, almost at random, the names of an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, there are Charles Lamb, Thomas Moore and Robert Burns. They are literature's most lovable men; we like to think of them and to read of them and to talk of them; their very names stir a warmth in our hearts; but why?

They were all three of them unspoiled and unspoilable. Each knew heartrending sorrows and crushing disappointments; each experienced moments of delirious exultation and rapturous triumph; yet each emerged from both ordeals unscathed and unspoiled. In the trough of adversity and on the crest of prosperity, Charles Lamb was always Charles Lamb; he remained his modest, pathetic, whimsical self; nothing weakened his faith, impaired his humility or affected his perfect poise. The haunting melodies that won for Thomas Moore so amazing a popularity, are as enchanting as anything in the realm of poesy; but what of his letters to his mother? In one of them, written when all London was at his feet, he tells her that he feels a little tired of the drawing-rooms of duchesses, and would love to be sitting with her in a cosy little cabin enjoying a good old-fashioned dinner of salt fish and Irish stew!

And everybody knows how, to the end of his days, Robert Burns was just Robert Burns—the same everywhere and to everybody. Has not Dr. Maclean Watt told us that "Sartor Resartus" was inspired by Carlyle's admiration for the way in which Burns would at any time excuse himself from the company of one of his aristocratic friends in Prince Street, Edinburgh, in order to shake hands with a ploughboy from Ayrshire whom they chanced to meet?

Or, turning from history to fiction, and from one sex to the other, why is Lorna Doone recognized as one of the most engaging heroines of romance? From the first page to the last we have to take John Ridd's word for it that she was indescribably beautiful and unutterably sweet; but Blackmore, the author, never sets her before us in such a light that we behold her charms with our own eyes and feel our hearts capitulate to her loveliness. Yet she is dear to all of us. Why?

When first John Ridd meets her, she is a little girl beside a babbling Devonshire stream, surrounded by a riot of primroses. When they meet again, years afterwards, she is still among the primroses, but she has ripened into luscious

young maidenhood. Perhaps discovering, with womanly instinct, that she has awakened a dangerous sensitiveness in John's breast, she reveals to him her origin. John learns to his horror that she is a child of the Doones—the most desperate and most dreaded brigands in the country. "All around me," she explains, "is violence and robbery, coarse delight and savage pain, reckless joke and hopeless death. There is none to lead me forward; there is none to teach me right; I live beneath a curse that lasts forever." Surely so sinister an environment must leave some hideous taint on her gentle and impressionable spirit! But did it? Every reader knows that Lorna was like a lily growing in a coalmine. Her corrupt surroundings utterly failed to defile her. She was unsullied, unsoiled, unspoiled.

Later on, when John and Lorna are acknowledged lovers, Lorna discovers that, in reality, she is not a Doone at all! She is the Lady Dugal, one of the loftiest ladies in the land! She is suddenly summoned to London, and, her beauty bewitching the court, she is compelled to spend her days among princesses and palaces. Poor John is almost distracted. To him she is lost in a golden haze; she has vanished in a blaze of splendor. He feels that she is hopelessly beyond his reach; how can he ever hope to possess her? At last, in sheer desperation, unable any longer to endure the terrible strain, he sets out in search of her.

I have no space in which to tell of John's experiences in London. Let those who are so disposed read for themselves the sixty-seventh chapter of Blackmore's stately romance. It must suffice for my present purpose to say that the chapter ends with a sound of kissing on the palace stairs; that John returns to Devonshire with his face shining like the sun; and that the chapter is entitled "Lorna is still Lorna." That is the point. Lorna is forever Lorna. Therein lies the elusive secret of her irresistible charm. She can be spoiled neither by the revolting atmosphere of the robber caves nor by the perfumed atmosphere of courts and castles.

Obviously, then, the lovable children are the unspoiled children; the lovable people are the unspoiled people; the lovable Christians are the unspoiled Christians. Paul looks upon those Colossian converts of his with a jealous eye. He will, he says, warn every one of them and teach every one of them that he may present every one of them perfect in Christ Jesus. He is unwilling to lose even one. He must have his full hundred percent. Not one must be spoiled. He will be depressed and dissatisfied if one of these converts of his loses the simplicity of his first faith, the clarity of his first vision, the rapture of his first love. Beware, lest any man spoil you!

A spoiled child is usually a petted and pampered child, a child that has known

no correction or discipline; a child that has been too much sheltered and indulged; a child that has lost the spirit of a child.

As I write, it is bluebell time in England. There rush back upon my mind visions of woods all carpeted with blue; streams fringed with blue; hills clothed in blue. On my study wall, so placed that my eye rests upon them whenever I lift it from my manuscript, are three colored pictures of English landscapes in bluebell time. Is there anything in the world more enchanting? I have known Australians to visit England, and, fascinated by the beauty of the bluebells, resolve that they will transfer the loveliness to their own land. "We will take the bluebells back with us." I have heard them ecstatically exclaim, "and we will cover the slopes of Mount Dandenong and Mount Macedon and Mount Martha!" But it all came to nothing. The bluebells were planted and almost immediately perished. The Australian climate is no climate for them. They were slain by too much sunshine!

I once visited one of my people on his deathbed. He had lived a hard life, with many sorrows and many losses, but he did not complain. "I was brought up in East Melbourne," he said, "and was led



to Christ there. A revival had broken out in the Church and quite a number of us young fellows made the great decision. We used to meet early on Sunday morning for prayer; we studied our Bibles together of an evening; and nothing could keep us from the Sunday services. Religion was a perfect revelry to us. In due course we all went into business and most of us prospered. Some of us are merchant-princes in Melbourne at this very hour. But," he added, and his voice was husky with emotion, "very few of us now take any interest in churches or in spiritual things. If I had

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"I thought it would be nice to serve breakfast on these trays," said Prilly, "and each one will have a little vase with a rose in it, isn't that a super-duper idea?"

# Miss Barton's BOARDERS

By  
RUTH  
GILBERT  
COCHRAN

Illustrator  
KARL GODWIN

## [PART THREE]

**Synopsis:** SUNNY ABBY BARTON, maiden aunt, after 25 years of teaching school, finds her school closed and herself with no means of support other than an old white-elephant house. An ad in the local paper inspires her to take in summer boarders. She secures the Candlebeam Singers, a troupe of concert artists. The leader is J. Earle Walker, the star, handsome Claude Gillinghurst; then there are the Dunbar sisters, Baby Elaine, her mother, and others. Prilly Longfellow, pretty daughter of Abby's neighbors, is enlisted to help out along with old Bill Crosby, versatile and somewhat caustic and Abby's farmer, man-of-all-work and good friend. An unexpected boarder is Madame Rodinoff, white haired, foreign, imperious. Abby, with her simple household, is loath to take in this well-to-do grande dame who has just lost her maid in a Pullman crash. Madame herself burned her hand. Over Abby's protestations, Madame gives her a \$20 deposit and moves in. There is something mysterious about the foreigner and Abby is apprehensive, particularly when Prilly's dog, Hannibal, who fawns on almost everybody, always growls at the Madame. One morning, Abby pulls Bill aside and whispers to him, "There's something I want to tell you about Madame Rodinoff. She made a long-distance call last night and I could hear every word she said . . ." Now go on with the story.

**B**ILL cocked one bushy white eyebrow at me. "So you heard every word she said," he drawled. "Then you must have listened from start to finish."

There's something about that direct masculine look of accusation that makes a woman act like a flustered hen, no matter how conscious she may be of her own innocence. Consequently, my reply was a good deal more heated than it need have been. "I did not!" I hissed. "Or, if I did, it wasn't my fault. And, anyway, she started the eavesdropping business, taking in every word I said to Mr. Walker!" Then I stopped, glaring, till Bill had had his silent laugh out. "All right," I conceded, grinning in spite of myself. "I listened. But I had the right to, and I

really couldn't help it. I decided last night to move into the winter bedroom so as to give our upstairs company more privacy, and Madame Rodinoff assumed, of course, that I was safely asleep in my second floor room. . . ."

The winter bedroom, I may explain, is a feature of most of our lakeside houses—a small room off the kitchen, warmed partially by the cook stove. We shut off the upstairs rooms, when the family's small, to save coal.

"Well," Bill was saying, "what did the old girl have to say? Must have been something mighty unusual to get you so upset. Who'd she call?"

"Uncle Bill," I fumed, genuinely worried, "I don't like it. She asked for a New York number and then told the operator—not Sadie, of course, because calls go through Elizabeth-town after midnight—well, she told the operator it was an apartment house and gave a street address on Washington Square, West. When she got their switchboard, she began to talk in an entirely different voice, a sort of husky whisper, and asked for Simmons, her butler. When he came on, I could tell he had heard of the accident, because he evidently inquired after her health, and she cut that part of the conversation very short. I heard her say, 'No, no. Not a cold, just the effect of the smoke,' so Simmons must have said something about her voice sounding funny."

"Hmmm," Bill said, "she might have been whispering for another reason, too. Listeners upstairs, for instance."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," I grunted, "considering what she had to say to the man. Can you imagine what she wanted him to do?"

"Nope," Bill said. "But I hope to find out, when you get around to it."

"My lands!" I snapped. "Sometimes you're such a—a Yankee I could shake you! Uncle Bill, she ordered a whole trunkful of clothes sent here, and she enumerated all the things . . . dresses, suits, underwear, shoes. That was understandable, seeing that all her train luggage except that one suitcase had been destroyed. But, that wasn't all! She told him to go get her mink coat out of storage and send that, too. And she's only going to be here two weeks!"

"Shucks," Bill scoffed. "She's going on to Montreal, isn't she? Maybe she figures on staying there till cold weather."

"Maybe," I conceded. "She told that Simmons something else—something that really has me scared. Uncle Bill! She gave him instructions to go to her bank, take all her jewelry out of the safety deposit box and to send it up here, along with five thousand dollars in cash!"

"Wheewoo!" Bill's whistle was startled and dismayed enough to satisfy anyone. "Here?" he breathed. "Why, Abby, you can't have that!"

"How'm I going to prevent it?" I demanded. "Once that stuff gets in this house I shan't have an easy moment! I'll be hearing burglars every time a window rattles!"

"But how," Bill wanted to know, "can a person do a thing of that sort? I mean, a fortune like that just can't be passed from hand to hand that way without a lot of red tape, can it?"

"It's funny," I admitted, "but that seems to be their regular way of doing things. I suppose Madame makes her lame knee an excuse for laziness—she can be spry enough when she wants—and lets her butler attend to everything. Anyway, he seems to have the key to her box, and she told him she'd send him a letter of confirmation and a check by airmail. So . . . my sakes, look at that clock! Me still chattering, and I'm supposed to have tea ready for all that mob! Stir around, Uncle Bill. Call Prilly downstairs and we'll all get busy. . . ."

For the next hour I was all of a dither, stirring up an omelette and baking scones, hustling Prilly, who was going around in a sort of a moon-eyed daze, and explaining to Baby Elaine, who had come clattering down to the kitchen, that I couldn't

possibly make strawberry ice cream on such short notice and sending her out from underfoot with a handful of cookies and a glass of milk.

"Now," I sighed at last, when the supper trays had been distributed, and Bill and Prilly and I were alone, "let's get organized. Prilly, I'm sorry I had to ask you to lend a hand, but I got to talking and didn't notice how the time was flying. You didn't mind, did you, child?"

"Mind? Oh, no, Miss Abby. I loved it! Honestly, of all the wacky crowds, but they're such fun! You know what? They took all the trays into their sitting room and all started eating and talking . . . you never heard such a gabble. About the scores and how many glees they had to memorize—whatever glees are—and the changes in key Claude had to remember in the Appalachian music. . . ."

"Sounds wacky, all right," Bill put it. "How does the wonder boy stack up, now that you've seen him in the flesh?"

"Oh, Bill, he's super!" Prilly beamed. "You know what? He really tried awfully hard to get in the army, but his eyes are too weak."

"Butternuts!" Bill said.

"You're mean!" Prilly's cheeks flamed. "You saw those horrible thick glasses he has to wear. On the concert platform, when he can't wear them, he has to know just where all the chairs and stuff are, so he won't stumble. My goodness, that Loretta Dunbar is a cat. Right while Claude was talking to me . . . or maybe I ought to call him Mr. Gillinghurst. . . ."

"I should think as much," I said dryly.

"Aw, Miss Abby! But as I was saying, Loretta Dunbar—she's the dark-haired one, and they're twins—she kept saying, 'Watch it, Viv. Claude's making a new conquest,' and stuff like that. And Vivian didn't say a word, but just glowered at me. So, after a while I felt sort of uncomfortable, and came on downstairs. My goodness, I wasn't doing anything!"

Bill chuckled, and I turned on him. "You keep out of this," I snapped. "Prilly," I hinted, not very subtly, "your mother'll be wondering why you're over here so long. Didn't you promise to be home in time for supper?"

"Murder!" Prilly gasped. "It's my turn to play the organ for the Girls' Friendly this evening. Thanks, Miss Abby. See you in the morning. So long!" And she was gone with a bang of



"Hm," Bill said, "she might have been whispering for another reason, too. Listeners upstairs, for instance."





The Dunbar twins were talking. "Watch it, Viv," said Loretta, the dark-haired one, "Claude's making a new conquest."

the screen door, her long, pretty, young legs taking the back steps in two strides. Bill and I grinned at each other as we heard her shrill whistle and Hannibal's lumbering rush to meet his adored mistress.

"Hmm, nice kid," Bill muttered. "Abby, maybe. . ."

"I know what you're thinking," I said. "But just remember these concert folks can turn the charm on and off like a water-tap. It doesn't mean a thing. But I'll watch out. I can play demon chaperone if I have to."

Bill pulled at his ear. "Ever notice, Abby," he mumbled, "that that dog doesn't hang around our porch here lately? Used to be you couldn't shoo him away when Prilly was in the house."

"The Madame doesn't like him," I said. "And it's mutual."

"I'm not surprised," Bill grunted. "No self-respecting dog could like a woman with eyes like hers. Pale stone-gray, except when she's riled about something, and then they turn a sort of bilious yellow. Ever see 'em make that lightning change?"

"No," I shrugged, as a sharp tinkle sounded from the north parlor. "But that's her bell now—I gave it to her to ring when she wanted her tray taken out. She expects me to pop in the second it sounds, so I'll wager the yellow tinge is creeping into her orbs already. I'll take a good look."

Bill was right. There was a distinctly sulphurous glow in the pale eyes Madame lifted to my face when I entered her room, but her first remark was quite genial, for her. "An excellent omelette," she said. "You have your own hens, yes?"

"Oh, my, yes," I assured her. "Rhode Island reds. They're good layers. I always have enough fresh eggs for the table, and plenty put down in water glass for baking."

She gave me a majestic nod of approval, and then, as I was preparing to pick up her tray and leave the room, she motioned me to stay. "I have an important letter to write tonight," she announced, tapping the forefinger of her bandaged right hand on the table, "and it must go out by the first mail tomorrow. When will that be?"

"There's only one collection of mail every day," I told her. "You see we're on the Rural Free Delivery route, and old Jay Smithers makes his stop here about ten-thirty in the morning.

But if you want your letter to go by the early train, Bill could drop it in at the village postoffice tonight. He's going in to see some friends about eight this evening."

"Thank you, but I shall need more time than that," Madame rebuked me. "My hand is still very painful."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said automatically. "But I thought . . ." And then I stopped short, realizing that I was about to blurt out a betrayal of the fact that I had been within listening-distance of her room the night before. "I thought," I went on lamely, "that since the letter is important. . ."

"I appreciate your kindness," Madame Rodinoff snapped, "but I prefer to wait. Good night, Miss Barton."

I accepted the snub and my dismissal with perfect good humor. But I was puzzled. I could have sworn that Madame, after her midnight telephone call, had sat at her desk, writing, for a long time. I had distinctly heard the scratching of a pen, and sheet after sheet of paper torn from the cheap writing pad she had bought in Essex. Ordinary enough sounds, and I shouldn't have given them a thought except that I couldn't help speculating, as one does, when half-asleep, whether she had any nerves at all, using that badly burned hand so rigorously. Or whether Madame was really left-handed, and was concealing that fact for some reason. . .

"Nonsense!" I told myself now. "It's none of my business, and I don't care, anyway."

But I did care. I wished, as I was to wish many times in the days to follow, that I had never permitted Madame Zaida Rodinoff to take up residence in my old house by the lake. Although I was up early the next morning, Prilly must have risen earlier still, for while I was dressing I heard her tiptoe into the kitchen. Then—as she is far from quiet by nature—there was quite a clattering of silver, the clink of glassware and vigorous splashing of water. I opened my bedroom door and peered out. The kitchen was flooded with sunlight, and Prilly, in a bright flowered smock, a cluster of dewy rambler roses in her arms, looked like an old-fashioned picture card . . . the very spirit of youth and summer.

"What are you up to?" I called, and she spun around, startled. "Oh," she gasped, "I forgot you were sleeping downstairs. You made me jump a foot! Lookit, Miss Abby. Those trays made such a hit last night that I thought it would be nice to serve breakfast that way, too. I've got them all set, see? And each one's going to have a little vase on it, full of roses. Isn't that a super-duper idea?"

"It is," I agreed, tying on my apron, "if you're willing to go to all that fuss. But be sure to leave room enough on the trays for a little food. That counts, too."

Prilly tossed her head. "You and Bill get a big kick out of teasing me, don't you?" she pouted. Then she relented, dimpling. "But I don't mind, as long as your nice gray eyes twinkle that way. Miss Abby, can I make the muffins? I sort of promised Claude . . . I mean Mr. Gillinghurst, that I would."

"Go right ahead," I said cheerfully. "But you'll need more eggs, and Bill hasn't brought any in yet. Wonder what's keeping him?"

"Oh, Bill and Mr. Walker are having a grand old gabfest out by the barn. I saw them just now, yarning away, and laughing. Funny, isn't it, how Bill makes friends with everybody?"

"It's not strange," I said. "Bill really could have been quite a man of the world if he wasn't so allergic to a hard day's work. He took a degree at Boston Tech, you know, and his family had a nice office job all picked out for him, but . . . oh, here he is now. 'Morning, Uncle Bill. I hope Mr. Walker isn't raging hungry, because he won't get any breakfast for another half-hour."

"'Morning, 'morning," Bill nodded. "Eleven eggs—put 'em down on the list. You know it's queer how you can misjudge a fellow. Looking at that Willie-boy coat of his, I thought Walker was just a stuffed shirt. (Continued on page 58)



By

FRED  
MORELAND

**C**OULD the Apostle Paul have wandered up the Otsquago Valley in 1936 as he wandered into Corinth in A.D. 57, he would probably have said the same thing to those upstate New Yorkers that he said to his Corinthians: "I hear there be divisions among you." He might have said something even stronger, for in the Valley was a Protestant divisiveness that would have made a Corinthian blush for shame. And lest you are inclined to be critical toward Otsquago, Otsquago is typical and not unique; too much of the rural church in America is quite like it.

Otsquago Valley is a lovely gash in the land hollowed out by the Creator between the foothills of Rip Van Winkle's Catskills and the Adirondacks. The Creator was lavish with His beauty when He made it; here are green fields and flowers and singing creeks, and loveliness even when the whole land is covered with snow. Nature is of one mind here: Nature would be beautiful and the people who live here are quite of one mind, too. Religiously, socially, economically, they all want pretty much the same things—as we all do, everywhere. Educationally, with the help of Owen D. Young, they had built a half-million-dollar Central School that is a model of progressive rural education for all the world. But religiously, with their churches . . . well . . .

There are four villages in this area—Van Hornesville (the "metropolis" of the Valley, with 125 inhabitants), Paines Hollow, Jordenville and Starkville. To serve the total population—reported as 1393 in the 1942 census!—there are seven Protestant churches. There were 535 children and young people in the territory. Only sixty-five of them were enrolled in all the Sunday schools put together and a scant one-third of the sixty-five attended with any regularity. One village with ninety people was trying to support two Protestant churches, two preachers' families, two parsonages, two church programs.

Over their heads, like the sword of Damocles, hung the constant fear that one or another of those churches might die. Or that one Sunday school would steal a "lamb" from another Sunday school. There was no Sunday school at all in one village, and nobody dared suggest that there ever could be one. Ministers came and went with an alarming frequency; often the new minister would



stand guard over his little band of young people like an ecclesiastical man-at-arms, fearful lest one get away. Supply preachers and seminary students drifted in and drifted out, and the poor churches struggled on . . .

*I hear that there be divisions among you!*

In June of 1936, the church folk of the Valley decided they'd had about enough of that—so they created the Otsquago Valley Larger Parish. Now a larger parish isn't a union of churches—it is simply a *unity of effort* on the part of separate churches. It isn't a community church affair, but a working together. The organizers in Otsquago Valley said their purpose was to "serve the spiritual needs of this area through the active cooperation of all the churches." They drew up a short constitution and hired a full-time Director of Religious Education.

The village philosophers smiled. It couldn't be done. Not here. Otsquago

Valley was "different from other places." (Every city, town and crossroads in the United States has heard *that* one!) The day the director arrived (from Brooklyn), she drove her car down the snow-covered main street of Van Hornesville and drove it straight into a ditch. A crowd of philosophers watching from the window of the general store saw it and they laughed out loud. What did we tell you? It's different up here. But the director got out of the ditch, alone, and parked her car on good solid ground. Said the man who had been elected Parish Council Secretary, "Well, we brought this girl up here to do the impossible and she's begun already."

Strange things began to happen. The Russian monks in the local Trinity Greek Orthodox Monastery began to pray at 4 A.M. every day that God's leadership be felt among all the people of the community. God's leadership began to be felt; He began to ride over obstacles that mere men could never hope to override.

A Fellowship Supper was arranged, at the Central School. The philosopher smiled again. Nobody would go to that. One hundred and thirty people attended, bringing their own covered-dish suppers. Those who had no cars begged rides in the cars of their neighbors. They had a good time. They began to exchange ideas and they came to see clearly that whether they were Methodists or Baptists or Universalists or what not, they still had a lot in common. They sang a few rollicking songs and they prayed and they went home more enthusiastic about religion and their churches than they had been for years. Oh yes, one critic said it ceased to be a "religious" meeting when the crowd got to singing "The Bullfrog on the Bank and the Bullfrog in the Pool," but that was only one. It didn't stop anything.

The first thing they did was to arrange for classes in Bible Literature in the public school! The director drove hither and yon, visiting every house and home and asking every parent if he wanted his child or children enrolled in such classes. Some of them asked "How much will it cost?" or "Will they need to buy Bibles?" Most of them went all-out for the idea. The foreign folks (there is quite a Russian population up here) wondered about it: "It's very nice, and it should be done in the school—but our children, is it for them too?"

It was for them. It was for all, without regard to race, color or creed. It leaped over national and denominational lines with a shout. It even got rid of a lot of the old suspicion between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Said one Roman Catholic: "When we learned that Roman Catholics were welcome to attend these classes, we knew you were sincere . . . We thought we couldn't afford to miss it." The Roman Catholic priest sent around some Douay Bibles, so the children could compare them with the King James and the American Revised. The American Bible Society, bless it, supplied all other Bibles necessary, gratis.

Somebody went to Owen D. Young and asked him what he thought of teaching the Bible in the public school, and that great American left no doubt in their minds. He said that according to his way of thinking, "A good secular education is not enough. Unless a student has a knowledge of the Bible and proper respect for its teaching, he is not educated. . . . There should be no question about returning the Bible to the public schools, providing that it be taught without sectarian interpretations."

There were no sectarian interpretations. The Bible needs no such prop as that; it is quite able to stand alone. There was a half-hour class every week, from kindergarten through junior high school. Bible memory books were given to whoever asked for them; there was no

required homework. And what was uncovered in those youngsters, once the classes really got under way, was *something*! There were children here who had never once in their lives been inside a Sunday school. What was worse, there were parents who had never had a Bible in their homes. They began asking for Bibles in their homes, and they asked for a high school for adults—they got it!

The youngsters studied pages from the Bible John Eliot wrote for the Indians—"The White Man's Book of Heaven." They dramatized "The Life of the Pilgrims"—in which the Bible played so



## Martha's Hands

Why must I have a Martha's hands  
Who knows a Mary's mind?

When at Your feet I choose to sit  
So many tasks I find.

But then I think how Your hands, too,  
Were rough with work for me.  
They shaped the wood in Joseph's shop,  
Hauled nets on Galilee.

Yes, Your dear hands the lepers healed  
And set sin's captive free;  
They cleansed the temple and they bore  
The Cross to Calvary.

Those hands that knew the worth of toil  
Were soft upon the brow  
Of humble sinner, sick, a child;  
Brought healing then as now.

So while I polish up my pots  
Or sew the narrow seams,  
My hands perform a Martha's tasks  
But my heart holds Mary's dreams.

Inga Gilson Caldwell



large a part. They looked over the Hebrew Bible—the Old Testament—carefully. A group of seventh graders from all the churches pretended they were newspaper reporters who "listened" to the Sermon on the Mount and then reported it. There seemed to be a lot of news value in it.

The youngsters of that Valley were no strangers to profanity; do you know any red-blooded youngsters anywhere who are? At first, when the director mentioned the names of God or Jesus, some alert one would whisper, "Ah, did you hear that? The teacher swore!" But shortly, the profanity began to disappear. As respect for God grew, they used His name more carefully, more intelligently. Some of them were a bit incredulous when it was suggested that God spoke to them directly, but after they'd studied Eli and Samuel, they were not so incredulous. Some of them

were worrying about the day when they would be separated from their parents; the story of Joseph got rid of a lot of that. They got along better with each other after they had discussed the story of the Good Samaritan. (Yes, the Good Samaritan has been discussed in Sunday Schools for a long, long time. But few Sunday schools have the various modern counterparts of that story sitting down in the same room at the same time!)

Here, they brought in a Hebrew refugee from Austria; he was the school doctor, and from him they learned more about the Hebrew contribution to their culture and faith than they'd ever dreamed of. Backgrounds were enriched; there was a deeper understanding of people, occupations, governments all over the world and in all times. Imagination, sympathy, reverence, tolerance, courage, unselfishness and good humor began to become warp and wool of childhood. The non-acquaintance with the Bible, which the leaders of this project held was responsible for the gross ignorance most public school children have concerning fundamental truths and basic attitudes, began to disappear.

And lest it be overlooked, let it be said right here that in all this Larger Parish, no objection has been raised by any taxpayer, parent, minister, priest or regent to the plan. They call it fair, non-sectarian and wholly good.

The one village with no Sunday school at all had something unbelievable happen to it. The minister who preached there preached in two churches every Sunday morning; he couldn't give much leadership to religious education. But he agreed to help, if the director really imagined that a successful school could be started. So it was announced that on such and such a Sunday, there would be the first meeting of the new school. Twenty-nine came; four of them were adults. *Within one year's time, every Protestant child in that community was enrolled in that school.*

A program for growing-up young people was worked out. There was a summer camp at which youth came from the various churches to worship at an altar in the woods and find there a faith in common they never knew they had; there were one-day youth conferences; one year at camp, a Chinese conducted morning devotions. There was an Easter youth service; the night before that service, there was one of the wildest snowstorms the Valley had ever known, but at eight A.M. sharp next morning, the church was well filled, snowstorm or no snowstorm. And there was a vesper service held at the monastery, in which the monks explained the Greek Orthodox service to more than a hundred young people. They learned more there than they could have learned on the subject

(Continued on page 47)

# Wanted: A CHURCH

Can You Answer  
Mary Perkins?

Dear Editor:

I AM looking for a church. It can be great or small, wood or stone. It has but one requirement; it must accept me for what I am, an agnostic.

Like most agnostics, I am deeply concerned with religion. History has proved it a vital force to all people of all time. The one thing shared by all races is a faith in a higher Power. To some that Power has been a snake, to others a statue; to many it is God.

It is difficult to be Godless in a land of believers. Our nation was founded on a belief in God, and it has grown and prospered under that belief. Our society is so constructed that a man is expected to embrace some form of religion. Without it he cannot marry, name his children, or bury his dead with acceptable dignity. He is deprived of a wholesome source of social and fraternal association. He can never say, with simple pride, "This is my church."

There are, of course, many who give lip service to the religion they profess to embrace. Many others of us, however, could never accept the security of a church, at the expense of our own integrity.

Dignity and security are but a small part of what I seek in a church. I want primarily a place where my children can learn to know Christ, and his great love of mankind. I want the Golden Rule so deeply impressed upon their minds and hearts, that intolerance and prejudice will become repulsive to them. And I want them to know that a Chinese named Confucius first proclaimed the Rule.

I want them to know that in India today, hundreds of thousands of human beings refuse to better themselves, because their religion has forbidden it. I want them to question that kind of religion, and the kind that permitted the ancient Greeks to worship a god of the underworld.

I want them to know that the faith of a simple French girl enabled her to lead a defeated army to glorious victory. I want them to know that the Jews were the first people to worship one God, and that their religion is the mother of Christianity.

There are, of course, many things they must not be taught. Hell, sin, damnation, and Satan are things for adult minds to contemplate—they have no place in the religious training of my children. Nor must they be expected to believe the fable of Adam and Eve, or the near-tragedy of Abraham and Isaac. Certainly they cannot be asked to worship a Jehovah who destroyed the first born of Egypt.

For myself I seek a church that will give me ample opportunity to work for the betterment of my community. I seek a church that believes in and works for the progress of humanity. Above all, I seek a church that is more concerned with good than evil.

You may ask by what right I demand these things of any church. I have no right—nor have thousands of others, like myself, who need religion because they cannot find God.

Mary J. Perkins

IF YOU get mad easily, don't read any further!

If your Church and your faith can't take criticism, if your theological corns can't stand being stepped on, stop here.

*But if you care or dare to try to set down a real defense of the Church you love and the faith that is within you, just try answering this letter.*

It tumbled out of our mail-bag long after the rest of the issue had gone off to the printer, but we held things up to get it in. That doesn't mean that the editors agree with Mary Perkins, or that her opinions or ideas reflect ours in any way whatsoever. She has asked us a question. We are passing it on to you.

Here is no carping critic of religion. Here is one quite typical of so many millions of Americans of our day who have been asking the same questions for quite some time. She is troubled. She is reaching for something she knows to be good, but which seems forever to escape her grasp. She doesn't like that; there is evidence of heartbreak in her last line! She asks for help—and the only ones who can help her are those already in the Church she seeks.

That paragraph on hell, sin, damnation, Abraham and Isaac and the first born of Egypt is loaded with dynamite. But please do us—and Mary Perkins—a great favor. Don't answer it in the heat of your anger. It will not help her much to be told that she *must* believe as we believe here; she is trying to think objectively, in terms of the influence of these tenets on the lives of her children.

No greater challenge have we ever passed on to those, young and old, who have been reading CHRISTIAN HERALD for so long and for so long taking these things for granted. But it is one thing to take something for granted, another to convince a Mary Perkins.

Can you convince her? Can you lead her to the Church she wants? We will publish the best letter in reply, and two Honorable Mention letters, in a forthcoming issue, at our regular rates.

Address your letter to:

The Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD,  
419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



# Nights can be Beautiful

By MYLES D.  
BLANCHARD

SHE watched the train as it pulled away from the old, weatherbeaten station, her body taut and erect, her face wreathed in a wistful smile. When she heard it whistle for Bullard's crossing, a mile and a half to the south, her body slumped and the smile began to vanish. It was not until then that she was once more aware of the girl who had been standing at her side, waiting for her to finish her vigil. But once the grinding wheels could no longer be heard nor the



"He never knew . . . did he?" The girl answered, "Knew? What do you mean?"



smoke be seen, she turned and said, "He never knew . . . did he?"

"Knew?" the girl answered. "What do you mean?"

The older woman started. "I mean . . . how much I love him. . . how much I shall miss him. He didn't see anything in my face did he?"

"Only bravery."

"Bravery?" The word seemed to surprise her. "Why shouldn't I appear to be brave? What else was there to do? I had no alternative." She spoke in sawed-off, choppy sentences.

Together they turned and made their way up the side street to the small village. They did not stop but continued on toward its outskirts. For a matter of minutes they said nothing. They walked side by side, the younger woman accommodating her steps to the slower ones of her companion. It was evident that each was lost in thought. It was the older woman who finally broke the silence.

"You must believe that he will come back to you, Martha."

"To us, you mean, Mrs. Escart."

She caught her breath. "What did I say?"

"To me. You meant to both of us."

"Yes. Yes, of course I did." She stopped short. "I forgot an errand I had to do. I must go back. There's no need of you coming."

"But. . ."

"I'm quite all right, Martha. I'll go directly home as soon as I finish what I have to do."

But the girl was not certain. Finally she compromised. "Would it be all right if I were to come up this afternoon and help you with the canning?"

"All right? Why, I'd love to have you . . . that is, if you're certain being with an old woman wouldn't bore you too much."

"I'm certain."

For a second she watched the girl as she walked on up the street, the girl who would some day marry her son . . . if . . . he came back. Then she turned and made her way back to the center of the small town where she stopped in front of a red brick house, and then walked up the path to the porch. She entered through a white door marked "Waiting Room."

Although it was warm outdoors, she welcomed the heat the radiator threw off. Fall had come early to the mountains and the warmth felt good to the sick woman. She fingered some magazines absent-mindedly until a door opened and a middle-aged man appeared. He smiled as he saw her. "Welcome, Ellen. Glad to see you this early." He made way for her to enter his office. "Hope there's nothing wrong." She said nothing as she sat down next to his desk. He continued: "He's gone, Ellen, I suppose."



Ellen drew in her breath. How did Martha know she dreaded the nights?

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

The tone of his voice changed when he said it. It was heavy, flat.

"Yes," she nodded. He's gone, Sam."

"And . . ." He didn't finish the sentence.

"He never knew. I kept it from him, just as I said I would. I was even smiling when he last saw me, Sam, just to make certain he'd remember me that way."

The physician looked straight at her, admiration in his eyes. "You are a very brave woman, Ellen," he said.

"That's the second time I've been told that within fifteen minutes . . . and I'm not, Sam. I'm just a mother who loves her son more than words can tell and doesn't want to hurt him. He's got enough ahead of him without knowing that. . . ." She changed the subject. "Do you know, Sam, I used to charge him with being lazy. I even told him he'd never amount to anything. That was when he was small. Look at him now."

Sam Collins nodded. "I know. A captain."

For a long time she said nothing, nor did the doctor encourage her. Then— "How long do you give me, Sam?"

A pained look crept over his face and then he tried to control himself. "One can't really tell, Ellen."

"But you can," she said. "You've been in the business a long time, Sam. How long am I to live?"

He knew he would have to answer her question. "A year, perhaps, Ellen. Or maybe. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, six months."

"I'm certain of six months?"

"I'd say so. . . . yes."

She was talking to herself now. "I can do quite a number of things in six

months. There's that quilt I've always wanted to finish and never have. And there's a few repairs on the house I want to make so that when Jim and Martha get married they'll have things nice to start with. It's late September now." She counted on her fingers. "That will make it about March, won't it?"

"Of course, Ellen, you can't expect. . . ."

"Oh, I know. But there'll be three good months anyway."

She started to get to her feet. "Wait, Ellen," Dr. Collins said. "There's something I want to say."

"Yes?"

"Do you remember the night I came around to ask you the most important question in the world? That was about a year after I started to practice here. Do you remember how bright the moon was and how the air was filled with the fragrance of roses? Do you remember that?"

Her breath came fast. "Yes, Sam, I remember it as if it were yesterday."

"And you refused me. . . ."

"I had to," she answered simply.

"I know. There was James Escart and you loved him." There was nothing more said by either of them for a few minutes. Then the physician spoke again. "I'm asking you again, Ellen. It's a different kind of a love but it is still love."

Tears welled into Ellen Escart's eyes even as she fought them back. She got to her feet. "You are a great man, Sam. I never knew how great until now, but of course the answer is *no*." She smiled. "I'll be all right, if you'll just see me through. I can count on that, can't I?"

He took her hands in his own. "I'll be here when you need me, Ellen."

She made her way slowly up the street,

(Continued on page 61)

# Tea-Time CHAT



By MARTHA TODD

OUR Women's Guild met last Thursday afternoon, and to tell you the truth I was kind of glad the pastor had a funeral and couldn't come, as he usually does. We had an argument—and you know what *that* can mean. It all started because we're all worried over the annual Mother and Daughter Banquet. We've been having those banquets ever since good old Aunt Susie was young, and the ladies are getting a little tired of struggling with them, and some of them said they were downright opposed to another one unless we could do something new.

I suppose it's the same way down where you live. What with the hundred and one things we have to do these days—like redecorating the parsonage, repairing the church roof or helping with the mortgage, we're all running around in circles. Well, I sat and listened for a while, racking my brains for something new that just didn't come, and all of a sudden I wondered why we couldn't have somewhere, a sort of Church Women's Exchange, where we could swap ideas. I suppose I really got that from Aunt Susie, who suddenly popped up with a description of a church party she went to while she was out visiting her daughter in Iowa, last winter. I wondered why there wasn't a clearing house for ideas, somewhere, where all the Aunt Susies could pass their ideas around, and share them with everybody. It wouldn't have to be just *women's* ideas; it could take in Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts and the choir and the missionary society and the Centennial Day program, and maybe even the very, *very* touchy Men's Club.

Then it hit me, like a kick from a balky horse, that maybe CHRISTIAN HERALD was the spot for it. We've been taking CHRISTIAN HERALD in our house ever since Grandma first subscribed in 1891, and we know it reaches a *lot* of people—people running Sunday schools and choirs and Girl Scouts and Christian Endeavors—who are bothered with the same hankering for something new that bothers us. So—here it is. Martha Todd's elected. Maybe some day I'll be smart enough to get others to do my work for me, but I wasn't smart enough to think of that in time, this time. The HERALD editors said, "Good idea. Go ahead. Start in the May issue." So—here we are.

If you people out there in the churches don't help me, I'm sunk. I'll need all the success stories you can send me. Start sending them, *now*. I'm not making any promises, to the editors or anybody else, but I know there's a lot of help around if I can only get at it. What I want is a whole trunkful of stories of how you did it down *your* way. How you put on a successful Church Night, or banquet for the graduating class in the high school, or reception for the new minister, or how you managed to raise that money to send a little girl to school in India, or how you make your Guild meetings interesting. Things like that.

Just to give you a better idea of what I mean, let me tell you about Jenny. Jenny's my own cousin; she's held nearly every office in our church except janitor, and she says there's so much dust in her own house she hasn't time to bother about the church. (But she'd dust the church, too, if she had to.) Last fall she

just got sick and tired of looking at that ugly spot in the primary room where the paint's all peeling off the plaster; she says the little tykes who come to primary are as much entitled to decent surroundings in Sunday school as they are in their own homes. She fussed over it and muttered about it and finally she just got mad and said something had to be done—somehow. She'd see to it that the money got raised to redecorate that room. She isn't the kind that just goes to people and asks for a dollar; Jenny makes it *interesting*. She makes you give till it hurts, and you don't know it hurts.

She'd been reading in the papers about the paper shortage; she'd even been called all the way downstairs, when she'd been busy making the beds, to answer a doorbell rung by a Boy Scout looking for waste paper. Well, said Jenny to herself, if the Boy Scouts can do that, why can't the church do it? She wrote down a lot of names on a pad and that night at prayer-meeting she buttonholed about a dozen and made them "Captains" and before we knew what was going on, she had half the church tying up bundles of newspapers and magazines, down in their cellars. They say it's getting so that you can't drop a piece of paper anywhere without somebody yelling, "Hey! Save that for the church!"

Everybody's at it. They bundle up all the paper before they turn it in. When they drive down to the post office for their mail, they just pop the bundles into the back seat, and drop them off at the parsonage. Dr. Henry's garage looks like the back room of a newspaper office! Then when he goes downtown, past the disposal plant, he sells the bundle, and turns the money over to the Redecorating Fund For The Primary Room. You will never believe it, but they had all the money they needed for the *painting*, long ago. Now they're thinking of a steatable, or a new rug for the parsonage. It just beats all, what the folks in a church can do when they set their minds to it.

And it's patriotic too. Kind of like killing two birds with one stone. Helping the church and the war effort, too.

Well, Mrs. Henry (she just sits in, at Guild affairs) got to talking, over the tea-table, about how important it is for us to try to understand other people, if we're going to get along with them. We've got some Russian folks in our town; they work in the mills, and we don't see much of them in our church because they happened to be born into another church, but they're still folks, and there aren't very many of them living near so well as we live. They're kind of exclusive. And so (heaven forgive us!) are we. Mrs. Henry said, "If you really know people, you can get along with them, because then you know their good points as well as their bad ones."



## International Menu

### AMERICAN TOMATO JUICE

### NORSKE KJOETTBALLER (Norwegian Meat Balls)

### ITALIAN MILAN MACARONI

### RUSSIAN CHICORY SALAD

### SWEDISH KNÄCKEBRÖD (Hard Rye Bread) AND BUTTER

### FRENCH COMPOTE OF PEARS

### CHINESE CANDIED GINGER

### TURKISH COFFEE



You'll learn to build on the good ones, and forget the bad. That made sense to us, and we got to talking about how little we knew about the Russians in our town, and the Russians over in Russia, and all those other people who are fighting on our side in this war. Well, one thing led to another, and all of a sudden the lightning struck again. Mary Dobbins wondered why we couldn't turn this Mother and Daughter banquet into sort of a "World Cooperation Through Understanding Banquet."

I thought that you might be interested in how our plans have been laid, and so I am going to outline them for you; you might be able to use them at some time. The international menu is going to consist of foods from different countries; the recipes are given here, for you might want to try them at home, and start your own personal project of building up understanding and respect for people whose eating habits aren't just like ours, but who have a great deal to give to us, if we will only let them.

A "must," we all decided, was a printed program to carry the menu, so that everyone will know what he is eating, and "get the point" of the various dishes. Then we are including in this

program the songs of the different countries to be sung at the table. We are choosing popular songs only from the countries represented on the menu; for instance, "Dark Eyes," that Russian song. It has always been our custom to have some serious note in the course of the evening, and so we are having a speaker who is going to talk on the subject, "Women's Work, At Home and Abroad."

With the proper background of flags of the many nations, the colorful addition of costumes, which have been gathered from folks in the town, and a doll exhibit, with dolls from all countries, plus the music, it looks as though we are going to be able to stretch out our hands for a while and clasp the hands of our sisters who also are seeking to understand us, and do their share in our common effort of building a better world.

Well, that's enough for this month. (My land, I've just run on and on, like we do when we get to talking at Guild.) But I can't talk forever. I'll be needing you, and your ideas. I'll be waiting. I wish you'd write me today, so I'll know everything is going to be all right. I'll feel a heap easier when I get so many ideas from you folks that I won't know which one to use first.

*The Recipes* are given on a smaller scale than you will be able to use for a large group, and I am doing this purposely, so that you will be able to use them at your family tables and encourage your own households to enjoy some of the delicious foods of other peoples.

#### NORSKE KJOETTBALLER

- |                                      |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. hamburger meat                 | 5 medium-sized tomatoes or one No. 2 |
| 2 slices white bread, soaked in milk | can tomatoes                         |
| 2 eggs                               | 4 onions                             |
| 3½ tablespoons margarine             | Salt and pepper                      |

Soak bread for 2 hours in enough milk to make a soft wet dough. Beat the egg and then mix the meat, dough, salt and pepper with it. Shape into small balls and roll in flour. Put margarine in frying pan, and when sizzling hot, put in floured meat balls and brown thoroughly, turning them over until brown on all sides. Then place in a slightly greased pan or pot. Use from one-half to a pint of stock (bouillon cubes with boiling water will answer this purpose), adding to it the browned margarine from the frying pan. Enough stock should be added to cover the meat balls. Add tomatoes and chopped onions. Season to taste. Let simmer in covered pot 2 hours. Stir occasionally.

#### MILAN MACARONI

Line a greased casserole with cooked macaroni, sprinkle with a layer of grated onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Over this place a layer of skinned and sliced tomatoes, and a little brown sauce. Now cover with more macaroni, and continue these layers until the dish is full. On the top layer of macaroni sprinkle bread crumbs generously, and put a few dabs of butter or margarine here and there. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes, and serve as hot as possible.

#### RUSSIAN CHICORY SALAD

- |                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1 large head chicory | 5 ripe olives    |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs   | Russian dressing |
|                      | Chopped dill     |

Trim off the coarse dark green parts of chicory, and use only the blanched inner parts. Pour the dressing over the chicory and toss lightly. Slice the eggs in half lengthwise, and garnish with olive halves. Place garnish of egg and olives on salad and sprinkle with the dill.

#### FRENCH COMPOTE OF PEARS

- |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 lb. pears             | 2 cloves for each pear |
| Juice of one-half lemon | (optional)             |
| 1 cup sugar             |                        |

Peel, core and halve pears. Dried pears may be used, in which case they must be soaked first. Stick a clove in each half. Cover with a pint of cold water to which the lemon juice has been added. Cook, when half done, add the sugar, and continue to cook until done. If the syrup is too thin, take out the pears and cook the syrup until it thickens and pour over the pears. Corn syrup may be substituted for sugar.





# SERMON

## *The Ceilings of Life*

By Ralph W. Sockman

**D**URING the war emergency, the word "ceiling" has come into a new common usage. In order to control the turbulent flow of supply and demand, our government like others has tried to fix a ceiling for prices, wages, and profits. In these times we cannot buy as much as we please or charge as much as we please or even pay as much as we please.

Daily we are reminded of our limitations in the midst of our power. We see the throbbing factories, the lines of ships being launched, the swarms of planes flying over our airfields; and we feel that the power of America is almost boundless. Then on the other hand we look at our ration cards and read our restrictions and become conscious of the ceilings under which we must live.

Now these ceilings may affect us in one of two different ways. They may merely serve to give us a pent-up feeling of restraint which we shall want to relieve after the war by a return to high living. Something like that happened

after the last war. Having been under restriction and discipline for two years, people let themselves go in an orgy of indulgence. Or on the other hand, we may think more deeply and see these ceilings as symbols of the limitations under which some of us have to live all of the time and all of us have to live some of the time. One of the supreme tests of life is how to enjoy truly high living under low ceilings.

Yonder is a woman who lives her years under the limitations of health. She can do just so much and then she reaches what seems the upper limit of her strength. Or yonder is a man of limited intellectual or economic ability. He is a man of one or two talents and he lives and works beside a man of five or ten talents. Such inequalities of ability are to be seen within the same family. Or think of the person whose heredity has left a bar sinister on his birthright. A man cannot change his forebears. Thus we live under ceilings of varying height,

*The sufferings and restrictions of this present time will not of themselves refine the spirit of our people.*



fixed by physical circumstance, family heredity or personal constitution. And, I repeat, one of the supreme tests of character is to learn lofty living under low ceilings.

For our guidance may we turn to a letter written by a man, who, judged by our standards, was born under pretty severe limitations. His name was Paul. He belonged to a race which then as now suffered certain restrictions. Furthermore, he had a physical infirmity which he called his "thorn in the flesh." There have been many guesses as to Paul's ailment. Was it eye trouble? Was it epilepsy? Was he a hunchback? He does not tell us. Think of Paul writing all those letters and never telling what his affliction was. Some of us can hardly write a single letter without describing in detail all our symptoms, and if perchance we have had an operation, well, that is good for at least a year's writing and talking. But Paul refers to his

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"thorn in the flesh" only once, and that in his second letter to the Corinthians, wherein he tells of praying to have it removed. He says he besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from him. And God's answer, as he interpreted it, was this: *My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*

Then Paul adds: "Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." Thus speaks a man who learned how to use the limitations of life's ceilings as the foundations for lofty living.

Let us look a little more closely into Paul's secret. For one thing, he learned from his limitations a deeper source of strength. Trite is the saying that man's extremity is God's opportunity, but it is a truism which needs repetition in an age tempted to trust too much in human cleverness. We modern machine-users get into the habit of thinking that we can make and manipulate everything. Unlike our ancestors we do not sit helpless and patient before the forces of nature. We ride the tempests, we harness the lightning, we leap over the mountains and the seas. We are a people of power and push. But there come times when human push does not avail and we must learn to rely on the divine pull.

For instance, in the treatment of alcoholism, the most successful practitioners in that field have a first principle which is this: the patient must admit that his life has become too unmanageable for his own strength. As long as the alcoholic victim thinks that he can handle his appetite by himself, his case gives little promise of cure. He must be willing to let go and let God take over.

Or, in case you may think this recognition of our human insufficiency is a recipe prescribed only for weaker characters, consider the confession of that woman who is perhaps the most admired personality on the world's horizon today. I refer to Madame Chiang Kai-shek, whose confession of faith has been published. Mme. Chiang tells us that during the years of her married life her religious experience has gone through three phases.

First, she was inspired by a patriotic fervor, a tremendous enthusiasm to do something with her husband for her beloved China. But she was depending on her own strength and her force lacked staying power. Then followed a second phase, in which she was plunged into despair. A foreign foe had invaded her country. Famine and floods were taking heavy toll. Her mother died. And Mme. Chiang felt that she was failing to give her husband the spiritual support which he needed, for he had embraced the Christian faith under the influence of

her devout mother. And now that her mother was gone, the generalissimo was groping. Then out of the feeling of her own inadequacy she was driven back to her mother's God. Thus she says she entered into the third phase of her religious experience which is a complete submission to God's will. And through surrender to the Divine will, she receives the inflow of Divine strength.

Madame Chiang's confession is a modern version of Paul's testimony, "When I am weak, then am I strong." When we empty ourselves of our pride, God fills us with a power not our own that makes for righteousness. When having worked the best we know, we then wait on the Lord, He renews our strength and we mount up on wings as eagles, we run and are not weary, we walk and do

### What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

(The questions this month are submitted  
by Eunice Taylor, Asheville, N. C.)

Give the name of the husband of each  
of the following women:

1. Mary (The Mother of Jesus)
2. Elisabeth
3. Sarah
4. Rebekah
5. Rachel
6. Priscilla
7. Ruth
8. Deborah
9. Jochebed (Mother of Moses, Aaron and Miriam)
10. Hannah
11. Esther
12. Eve

(Answers on page 41)

not faint. When we reach the end of our string and still hold on, then we touch the hand of "Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us."

A second reason why Paul could say, "When I am weak, then am I strong," was this: Under the ceilings of his physical limitations he learned more resourcefulness in the use of his strength. When our resources seem unlimited we are so prone to be wasteful. We see this in individuals. Youth in the glow of exuberant health often burns the candle at both ends and depletes the energy needed for future endurance. Or look at our nation. America has been blessed with such vast natural resources that we have not developed the intensive cultivation characteristic of small countries like England or Holland. An official of the War Food Administration stated in a forum that little England, which is about the size

of our two rich agricultural states Iowa and Indiana combined, produces more cattle than those two states together, half as many sheep as the whole United States and averages a wheat yield almost twice as great as ours per acre. Proud as we are of our great country, we have to admit that America could make her rich lands produce more than they have.

Yes, both in our personal and public living we are given to extravagance. Our attitude reminds us of the Old Testament proverb: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting, but the precious substance of man is to the diligent." We can see in our minds the picture conjured up by that proverb. Hunting is so alluring that even the slothful man likes the chase, but he lacks the diligence to dress the game he has caught and prepare it for food. So in our living, we catch and collect so much more than we use. We make such fractional use of the books we buy, of the friendship available to us, of the travels we take, of the potential strength within us.

Can we not learn from the limitations of these times how to make more out of little, how to cultivate the values of simple things? As we have transformed vacant lots and backyards into victory gardens, can we not make fruitful some of the neglected and barren areas of our own inner lives?

One day Amiel, the Swiss poet, was informed by his doctor that he had an incurable malady. Next morning he wrote in his journal: "On waking it seemed to me that I was staring into the future with startled eyes. Is it indeed to me that these things apply? Health cut off means marriage, travel, study and work forbidden or endangered. It means life reduced in attractiveness and utility by five-sixths." But Amiel's diary for that day ends with these words, "Thy will be done."

How would we take a doctor's verdict like that? What if failing health fixed a ceiling for us so low that only one-sixth of our former resources were left to us? Could we take that remaining fraction of life and make it radiant? If this war should leave us, as it will leave many, minus a leg or an eye, could we bear up with a crippled body and not become bitter? If our national standards of living should perforce be lowered by post-war conditions, can we keep up a high standard of life? Such are some of the test questions which we must answer if we are to graduate with the class of Apostle Paul who could say, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

Some years ago I spent a night in Nazareth. As I lay awake listening to the sounds of the little town, I let my imagination run back to the days when a young carpenter lived in those crude

(Continued on page 52)



# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

M A Y 1 9 4 5

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MAY  
1

LISTENING TO GOD  
ISAIAH 1:1-9

"THE Lord hath spoken." Quite so. But it was the fact that Isaiah took time to listen and to obey that made him the great saint that he was. Not only did God speak in the long ago, but he speaks in the here and now. "It is the Eternal speaking," is Moffatt's translation. Even now God is speaking to you and me. He speaks through His Word, through conscience, through the Holy Spirit, through human need, through our own heart-hungers. If we listen, His voice will become clearer and our lives richer day by day.

*Grant us to pray in childlike faith. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Amen.*

MAY  
2

WORTHLESS WORSHIP  
ISAIAH 1:10-17

"TO WHAT purpose?" This question is addressed to those engaged in acts of worship. They were thronging the temple. They were offering sacrifices. They were lifting their hands in prayer in a thoroughly orthodox fashion. Yet their worship was not only worthless, but a positive offense to God. Why so? It was because they failed to see that worship to be of value must be an act of obedience and not an effort to bribe God. When we beg our Lord for the privilege of pleasing ourselves without displeasing Him, our prayers are worse than futile.

*Help us, Father, to worship Thee acceptably by the surrender to Thee of ourselves. Amen.*

MAY  
3

SIN SELF-DESTRUCTIVE  
ISAIAH 1:21-31  
(Moffatt)

"STRONG men shall become like tow, and their idols like a spark, and they shall burn together." Sin has a way of destroying itself. The lusts of the lustful man soon burn themselves out. The thirst of the drunkard at last destroys itself. But that is not the whole story, while sin destroys itself it also destroys the sinner.

This is true both for the individual and for the group. The nation that is a beast of prey may destroy other nations, but it will certainly end by destroying itself.

*Teach us, O Lord, to hate sin somewhat as Thou dost hate it. Amen.*

MAY  
4

OUR SURE CONFIDENCE  
ISAIAH 2:5-22  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"CEASE trusting in man." What shocking advice! Cease trusting in man, that is something that Jesus never did. Denied, betrayed, crucified, He still declared that He would build His church out of faulty human material and the gates of hell should not prevail against it. But Jesus' confidence was not in man standing alone, but in man transformed and empowered by Almighty God. Jesus was as sure as Isaiah that man left to himself could not save even himself, to say nothing of his sinful world.

*Help us so to trust in Thee, Father, that we may trust also in man when touched by Thy power. Amen.*

MAY  
5

AN INSIDE JOB  
ISAIAH 3:1-9

"THEY have rewarded evil unto themselves." Moffatt translates this, "They have wrought their own undoing." That is the case with all who are really undone. Our loved ones, our friends, our enemies can cause us much pain and heartache, but there is only one person in all the world who can work our ruin. That person is ourselves. If therefore life goes to pieces for you or for me, it is sure to be an inside job.

*Help us, Lord, so to live within the circle of Thy will that Thou mayest make all things to work for our good. Amen.*

MAY  
6

MISLEADING LEADERS  
ISAIAH 3:10-26

"THEY which lead thee cause thee to err." "If the blind lead the blind," said Jesus, "both will fall into the ditch." "My people's ruler" says the prophet according to Moffatt's translation, "is a wil-

ful child." That is the literal truth in not a few homes. There are some children who are trained by their parents to be tyrants. They know that if they stamp hard enough and shriek long enough they can get their way. But Isaiah is here speaking of moral infants. Those in places of leadership were men who had grown up physically, even intellectually, but they had remained moral and spiritual dwarfs. They were wilful, selfish, and with no sense of right.

*Give to us, O Lord, and to those who lead us the grace to grow up. Amen.*

MAY  
7

GOD'S BEST  
ISAIAH 5:1-7  
(Moffatt)

"WHAT have I left undone?" This vineyard of the Lord which represents God's own people, had become an utter failure. Why so? God makes it plain that the failure was their own fault not His. "What have I left undone?" He questions. The only answer to that question is—nothing. Always our failures are our own. This is the case in spite of the fact that many of us have a secret conviction that God could do far more for us than He is doing if He were not so straight-laced and niggardly. But for every man every day, God is doing the very best that that man will let Him do.

*Grant us the wisdom this day, O Lord, to receive Thy best into our lives. Amen.*

MAY  
8

ME FIRST  
ISAIAH 5:8-10

"ME FIRST." That is what we used to say to each other as children. That is what grown-ups often say. Isaiah knew men who were saying it. Some of them in looking out for Number One were doubtless failing, but others were highly successful. They added house to house until there was no room for anybody but themselves. But even then they were disappointed. "Many a mansion," says the prophet, "is to lie forlorn—splendid and spacious and—empty." (Moffatt) "Splendid," yes, but with not an eye to

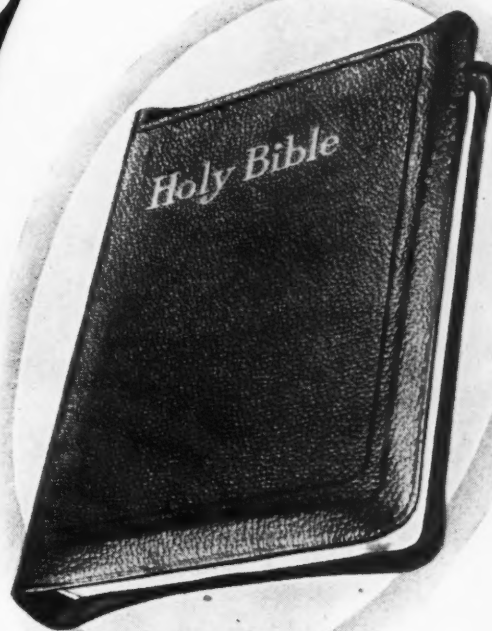
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#### EXODUS, 28

into the rings, and the staves shall be upon the two sides of the altar, to bear it.

8 Hollow with boards shalt thou make it: as it was shewed thee in the mount, so shall they make it.

9 ¶ And thou shalt make the court of the tabernacle: for the south side southward there shall hangings for the court of fine linen of an hundred cubits for one side:

And the twenty pillars shall

B. C. 1491

Num. 4. 15.  
Isa. 52. 11.

ch. 25. 40.  
ch. 26. 30.  
Acts 7. 44.  
Heb. 8. 5.

2 he shewed.  
ch. 38. 9.  
Ps. 100. 4.

3 fifty by fifty.  
4 Or, nails, or stakes

*The priesthood established*

and all the pins thereof, and all the pins of the court, shall be of brass.

20 ¶ And thou shalt command the children of Is'ra-el, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always.

21 In the tabernacle of the congregation without the veil, which is before the testimony, shall

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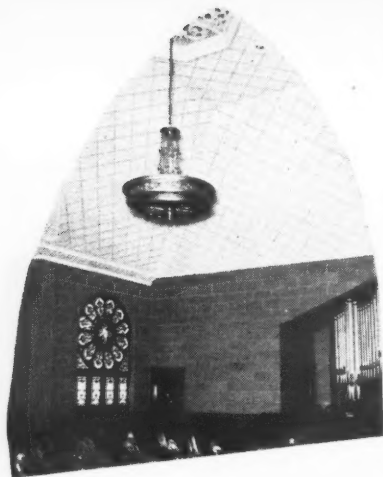
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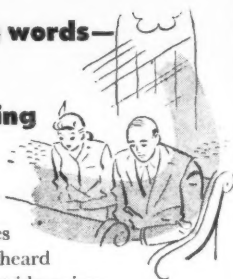
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer



MAY  
6th

## THE HEBREW MONARCHY AT ITS HEIGHT

1 KINGS 9:1-7, 26; 10:26-28; 11:4, 11

**W**ORLD power at last! The unruly mob of slaves that followed Moses out of Egypt was at last a great nation, with a world-known king and profitable alliances with its neighboring empires. It had all the elements empires have ever depended upon for security. It had a navy (1 Kings 9:26), an army (10:26), riches (10:27), profitable trade (10:28), prestige that carried its renown and that of its king to the ends of the known world (10:1).

The temple that stood on Mt. Moriah was one of the most beautiful and costly houses of worship in the world. Jerusalem might well claim majesty for her God in a world that always measured the greatness of its gods by the prosperity of those who worshipped them. With evidence of power, wealth, culture on every hand and their mighty God, Jehovah, enthroned in a gold-domed temple, surely the Hebrew monarchy was set to last!

At the very center of all this might was Solomon. He was clever, rich and famous. His recorded words show him also sensitive to the part that God had played in his success. What was wrong? In the conversation of the Lord with Solomon in our first Scripture lesson, there is a solemn warning. There is peril in empire, yes, peril even in great religious privileges. There is peril because they represent responsibility.

When a nation prospers it forgets easily, as Israel did, that "We are blessed that we may become a blessing." Perhaps the clearest picture of the grasping spirit of Solomon is found in his treatment of his father's friend, King Hiram of Tyre (9:10-13). Or again in his use of forced labor with its inevitable degradation of human personality. The allied nations today will have the same temptations to feel the intoxication of empire. Victory will mean staggering responsibilities for the races and nations about us. Solomon and his people allowed their success to spoil them. They schemed with worldly smartness not to serve but to be served. Let us take warning as we read the story of their fall.

WHEN WORSHIP becomes formal, unrelated to life, another graver peril threat-

ens. Solomon began well. His earlier purposes seem to have been honestly reverent. But he tried to compromise his religion. On a hill opposite his new temple, he built heathen shrines and, no doubt down to them too. He would have argued that he knew which God was true but a little compromise was justified for the sake of harmony in his family and with the surrounding nations. The worship of the true God cannot be shared with idols. This God is a jealous God, not in any little human sense, but by His very nature. When we try to worship Him and idols of luxury, ease, lust and earthly fame, we deny Him. Again, let America beware!

Today Solomon is remembered popularly for his thousand wives. His life that started out to be a model for youth, has become a vivid lesson in the destructive power of immorality. France fell, we are told, because moral rot had eaten into the life of its leaders in both the army and civic government. Grafting politicians and indifferent generals destroyed the Maginot Line, not the Germans. The temptations of prosperity, the loss of reality in the worship of their God, led inevitably to moral decay in Israel. Pride broke both king and kingdom. Let us never forget that at the very height of national power comes the very height of national responsibility, to neighbor nations and races, and, most of all, to God.

### Questions:

What moral faults are most prominent in American life today? How seriously do they endanger our future?

How much reality has religion in America today? Is it spending too much of its energy in building temples and not enough in building character?

Where was Solomon's fault? In building the temple? In elaborate worship services? In his formal prayers? Or in the failure of his life to match his professions?

MAY  
13th

## TRAGEDY OF THE NORTHERN KINGDOM

1 KINGS 12:26-30; 19:1-4; 13:18;  
2 KINGS 17:7, 8

**T**he kings and people of God's chosen race were not worthy of empire. The  
CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945 • PAGE 38

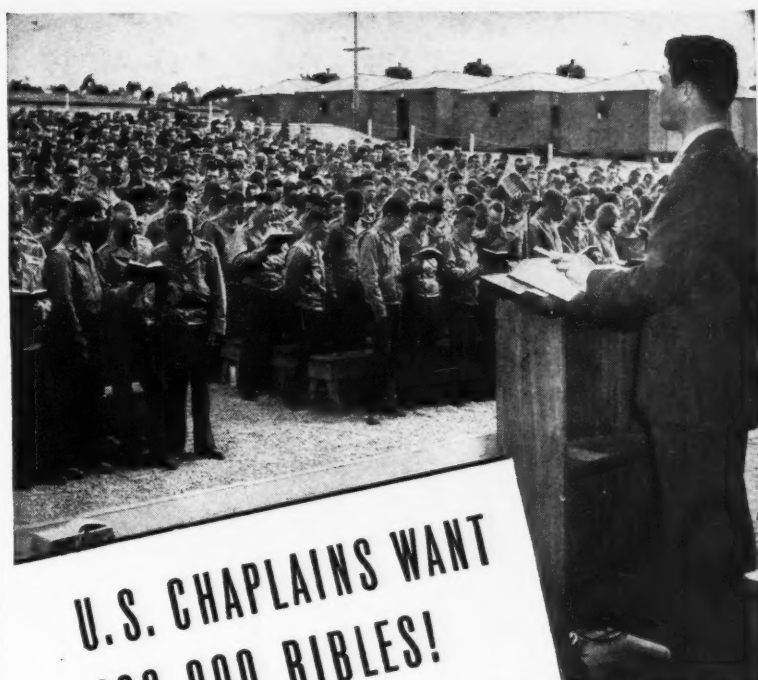


processes of destruction are progressive. The disobedience of David was bad, the pride and immorality of Solomon was worse, and Rehoboam and Jeroboam were so evil that one cannot recognize them as kings of God's people. Yet each king and each generation might have averted the inevitable tragedy. With infinite patience God was always calling His people back, always ready to forgive. Stubborn willfulness even God cannot change.

Jeroboam was called of God to divide the kingdom, for Rehoboam, spoiled prince of a dying dynasty, was not worthy of empire. Jeroboam should have trusted the God who called him. Instead, he sought to keep his people from going to Jerusalem to worship. He set up his own gods, golden calves, and invited his people to worship them. Denial of God is never a negative fault. There must always be gods of our own making to which we may go. Luther said long ago in his *Table Talks*: "Whatever a man places his confidence and trust in, setting God aside, that is to him like Jeroboam's calves." When we are purposely absent from God's house, we are bowing to the idols of Egypt.

Ahab was a worthy successor to the renegade Jeroboam. He married Jezebel, one of the worst women of either history or fiction. He added to the catalog of heathen gods enshrined in Israel. Among them were gods so licentious that their worship was little more than a beastly orgy. Still the patience of God did not leave king or people without witness. Elijah fought the battle of the Lord against Baal and, brave as John the Baptist, charged the king and queen with their sins. God called him to seek safety in flight and, discouraged and weary, he declared that he only was left loyal to God. Yet there were seven thousand that had not bowed knee to Baal. God will never entirely desert a nation where there is an underground of His loyalists. It is the faithful remnant that is the hope of a community or nation, and indeed of the world.

A NATION'S HISTORY will not save it. The piety of our forefathers cannot protect our generation if it turns away from God's altars and finds its friendships and interests among the heathen. While half of our people do not have even nominal membership in a church, and Sunday school enrollments are decreasing, we need not prate oratorically about "the divine destiny of America." Perhaps the trial of war will awaken us. Recently, the wife of a soldier found comfort in the worship of the church. She and her husband lived careless, worldly lives until he was called into service. In her worry she found God and then was half afraid to write her husband that she was now going to church. But she did, and his next



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letter said, "Honey, I'm glad you have found the church. My chaplain and I are real buddies and believe me, when I get back home, we will go to church together."

Israel fell for lack of character and she lacked character for lack of God.

### Questions:

*What was the final doom of the Northern Kingdom, Israel?*

*Ahab considered Elijah his enemy (1 Kings 21:20). Who are our real friends, those who tell us what we want to hear? Would we elect an Elijah to office in our modern democracy? Discuss.*

*Do you really believe that neglect of God's altars breeds national tragedy? If so, what should be done about a program of evangelism in your community?*

MAY  
20th

## THE DEFEAT OF THE SOUTHERN KINGDOM

JEREMIAH 18:1-10; 15, 17

A THANKLESS task had Jeremiah, prophet of Judah. Long after the Northern Kingdom had fallen a victim to its wickedness, the Southern Kingdom had gone on. Its kings were generally of better character than those of Israel. But none were great and good enough to lift Judah above the level of a minor kingdom, keeping a semblance of autonomy by concessions to the nations holding world power at the time. Jeremiah came upon the scene late in the history of his people and he could clearly see the inevitable doom ahead. Bravely he counselled Judah as God gave him vision, but no one listened.

Add national indifference to his advice, the resentment with which it was received and the disaffection of his friends and family, and it is easy to see why he is called "The Weeping Prophet." The glory of the man is that he continued to proclaim God's word to Judah.

Jeremiah was *not* a pessimist. This in spite of the clear picture he had of the captivity of God's people. He turns to the potter for his parable of hope. Like Jesus he found eternal truth in the common scenes of daily life. Every village had its potter, mixing his clay with water, setting the lump of kneaded mud upon the wheel, and moulding it after the pattern in his mind. Some years ago I visited a little pottery in North Carolina, run by two elderly brothers. It was fascinating to see the sides of a dish grow into shape under the workman's fingers as though alive. I asked the potter what happens when he spoils a piece in the making and he answered, "Oh, I just lump it up and do it over." So with Jeremiah's potter.

As with all parables, this is no perfect analogy for God's dealing with His people. The clay is *not* responsible if it fails the potter. Neither is the potter

beyond making mistakes. But God as the potter is the perfect workman and the nation is free to be responsive to the potter's hands or to be stubbornly rebellious. The glory of it is that the divine Potter will give us a second chance when we have failed Him. Judah would suffer, Jerusalem be besieged, starved, devastated, even the beautiful temple would be destroyed and those fit to travel would be carried off to Babylon in captivity. Yet long after Jeremiah had gone to his reward, a remnant of the people would return. The pattern in the mind of God for His people would not be lost. The high destiny of Judah would be realized in that far-off divine event when the star would shine, and the angels sing over the hills of Bethlehem and a new Prince of the House of David would be born.

Jeremiah has a message for men as well as nations. His is the gospel of the second chance. If we trust the God Jeremiah knew, even though we have made a failure and refused to permit Him to mould us into the pattern He has in mind for us, there is still time to repent. Once, twice, innumerable times, our patient Potter will help us realize His purpose for us. His grace is unlimited.

### Questions:

*In the presence of national catastrophe men may become fatalistic or pessimistic. Discuss.*

*What do you think is America's second chance with victory won? What is the world's second chance?*

*Should the Potter's patience make us more careless or more careful? How can we know the pattern He has for us?*

MAY  
27th

## THE RETURNED EXILES AND THEIR WORK

NEHEMIAH 8:1-12; 9:1-3

HARD years were the years of exile in Babylon. Israel had always associated their religion with a place, a land promised to them by God. So it was not only the country of their birth for which they wept but the shrine of their faith. It was a glorious day when Nehemiah led them back and with their own hands they could again lay the walls of Jerusalem. Captivity was not loss but gain for Israel. It had taught them by the hard way the sinfulness of idolatry. It had disillusioned them from their dreams of an empire built and maintained by power politics. It had driven them to a new and unreserved dependence on their God. So should we always learn the lessons of adversity. Even a war, as merited for our materialism and greed as was the captivity merited by Judah, even a world war, may draw us to a forgotten God.

Good Ezra had a life purpose worth the cost. He purposed in his heart to seek the law of the Lord, to do it and to teach it (Ezra 7:10). How fully this

purpose is realized in our lesson! His people were to be prepared for self-government not by an assembly of philosophers or politicians. Instead they were to hear God's word for them. Ezra gathered together the books of the law and with the aid of competent scholars read and explained in understandable language what God wanted of His people. It was the first Bible broadcast. It reached attentive ears. "To attend" means literally to stretch towards. There are at least two parts to Bible reading. It must be read so it can be understood. That implies that it must be put into the language of the people. It must also be heard by men eager to know and do God's will.

Bible reading and study is not merely an intellectual exercise. It has vitality only when it seeks the answer to the cry of a repentant heart, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" If we do not really care we better not read. The philosopher was at least consistent who refused to look at the heavens through Galileo's telescope for fear he would see something that would disturb his belief in the philosophy of Aristotle. The people *stretched their hearts* toward the word of God that day when Nehemiah read to them.

THERE WAS JOY in Israel and weeping was changed into mirth. Historic feasts were reestablished, but, far more important, historic piety was reclaimed. From the Orient comes the expression, "To read the Bible and behave it," and that is just what happened. What happens after Bible class tells what happened in Bible class. Out from the doors of our churches there should flow into the current of community life, Sunday after Sunday, men and women with a new passion for living Christ's way of life. If not, God help our communities and our world! The hope of the world is character, Christian enough to manage the almost unlimited powers science has found for us. The source of such dynamic might Ezra knew. The symbol for a new age of peace is an open, read, understood and obeyed Bible!

#### Questions:

*Tell the story of the captivity and the return. What was God's purpose in the captivity? How well was this purpose realized?*

*How do you explain the relationship of joy to strength in Nehemiah 8:10? How can we have more joy in religion?*

#### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUIZ (See page 351)

1. Joseph, Luke 2:4. 2. Zacharias, Luke 1:13. 3. Abraham, Gen. 17:15. 4. Isaac, Gen. 24:67. 5. Jacob, Gen. 29:28. 6. Aquilla, Acts 18:2. 7. Boaz, Ruth 4:13. 8. Lapidoth, Judges 4:4. 9. Amram, Exod. 6:20. 10. Elkanah, 1 Sam. 1:2. 11. Ahasuerus, Esther 2:16, 17. 12. Adam, Gen. 3:20.

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#### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 36)

know its beauty. "Spacious," quite so, roomy enough for the richest of values, but empty, nothing within that really counts. Thus does he who seeks to save life lose it.

*Save us, Father, from the tragic poverty that is born of self-seeking. Amen.*

MAY  
9



#### COLORBLIND

ISAIAH 5:20; MATTHEW 7:5-20

"WOE unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" Recently a fine young man of my acquaintance was rejected by the Navy because he was colorblind. Since he could not tell a green light from a red, he could not be used. But it is far more dangerous both to ourselves and to others to be morally colorblind. Yet it is possible so to trifle with conscience that we find it next to impossible to tell right from wrong. Thus we often reach the place where we fancy that we can reverse the laws of nature and gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. That is deadly.

*Grant, O Lord, that we may so live up to the light that we have, that our light may shine more and more unto the perfect day. Amen.*

MAY  
10



#### HICCOUGHING HEROES

ISAIAH 5:22-24  
(Moffatt)

"WOE to those who are brave . . . at drinking, mighty at . . . mixing bowl." What scathing sarcasm, yet how true to life! Liquor is an everlasting liar. It tells the coward that he is courageous, the poor that he is rich. It creates such a black-out within the brain that the wisest becomes a fool. Yet the greater his folly, the surer he becomes of his wisdom. It makes the drinker blind to right choices, yet the more blind he becomes the more certain he is of his keen vision. One would think that such a foe of mankind whose best product is hiccupping heroes would not have a friend. Yet there are millions who vote for it, defend it, drink it.

*Save us all, O Lord, from boldness in doing evil and from timidity in doing good. Amen.*

MAY  
11



#### THE HEEDED VISION

ISAIAH 6:1-8

"I SAW the Lord." What then? The result was not a shout, but a sob— "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." We complain of a vanishing sense of sin. What is the cause? A vanishing sense of God. Wherever there is a sense of God,

there is always a sense of sin. It was when the crucified revolutionary really saw the man who was dying on the central cross, that he confessed that though he was suffering the pangs of hell, he was suffering justly. Thus to see ourselves, and to confess is to find pardon.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that if we confess our sins Thou art faithful and just to forgive us and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Amen.*

MAY  
12



#### THE SECRET OF STEADFASTNESS

ISAIAH 7:1-9

"IF YE will not believe, surely ye shall not be established." "If your faith does not hold, you will never hold out," is Moffatt's translation. Surely it is easy to believe this wise word. There is strength in a faith that is fixed on others or on ourselves. Supreme staying power comes from a faith that is fixed on God. "I have set the Lord always before me, because He is at my right hand; I shall not be moved." It was such a faith as this that enabled depressed Luther to say: "Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me." If your faith does not hold, you will not hold out, but if it does hold, nothing can defeat you.

*Grant us, Lord, to be able to say out of our own experiences, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Amen.*

MAY  
13



#### MOTHER'S DAY

ISAIAH 66:1-13

"AS ONE whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is well to remember that the mere fact that a woman gives birth to a child does not of necessity transform her into a saint. There are mothers who are cheap and selfish and who continue to be so in spite of the clinging arms of little children. Yet motherhood at its best is a beautiful something. In fact it is something so beautiful that when God seeks to make clear His own eagerness to comfort, the best that He can say for Himself is that His touch upon our hearts is as healing as that of a mother.

*We thank Thee, Lord, for saintly mothers "whose eyes are homes of silent prayer." Amen.*

MAY  
14



#### CHOOSING OUR FEARS

ISAIAH 8:11-15  
(Moffatt)

"HAVE no fear of what they fear." "He is afraid of nothing," we sometimes say of a friend. But that is a very questionable compliment, even if true. Such courage belongs to the bulldog more often than to man. There are fears that are sane and right just as there are fears that

are silly and wrong. Blessed is the man who wisely chooses his fears. Such a man will surely have a filial fear of God. This fear will tend to dim out all lesser fears as the sunrise puts out the stars and the moon.

*Grant us, Father, so to fear Thee that we shall fear nothing else. Amen.*

MAY  
15

CONSULTING THE DEAD  
ISAIAH 8:16-22  
(Moffatt)

"WHY consult the dead on behalf of the living?" Why indeed? Yet thousands in these desperate days are doing just that. Personally, I have never tried to communicate with the dead. But if I ever visit a medium, I am going to ask him to call up Isaiah. While he was here, the prophet did not think much of mediums. I should like to know if he has changed his mind. It is my conviction that he still believes that it is the part of wisdom to consult not dead men, but the living God.

*Give to all of us, Lord, when we are desperate and lonely, to find our supreme comfort in Thee. Amen.*

MAY  
16

A CHILD IS BORN  
ISAIAH 9:1-7

"A CHILD is born." The prophet is here speaking of the Christ Child. But always the birth of a child is an event to inspire hope. In every age the biggest question is the child question. An army is even now marching upon our world that is going to take over literally all that we have. It will take over every position of political power, every place of business, every church, every school, every college, every home. This army is made up of the boys and girls of the land. If, therefore, tomorrow is to be better than today, that better tomorrow must come at the hands of better trained boys and girls.

*Lord, grant us the wisdom to give our very best to the right training of our boys and girls. Amen.*

MAY  
17

THE EARNEST GOD  
ISAIAH 9:7-16

"THE zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." Quite so! Even God has to have hot enthusiasm in order to put through His task. What then can the half-hearted hope to accomplish? Very little except failure. This is the case for at least two good reasons: First, to have no enthusiasm is to have little driving power. When difficulties see an earnest man coming they take to their heels, but they seem to look with contempt upon the lukewarm. Then too the halfhearted is likely to fail because he has to work with-

PAGE 43 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945

"Shh—here's something I never told my husband!"



1. I'm proud my husband's back in the Merchant Marine. He'd already served two years. But he's gone to sea again, because he, and all men with sea experience, are desperately needed.



2. While Jim's away, I'm kept busy with our son Billy. He's a happy boy except for his tantrums over taking a laxative. He'd scream—and I'd have to force it down him.



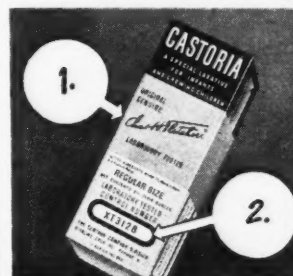
3. One day a neighbor heard about it and said, "I wish you'd told me you had this trouble. My doctor told me never to force bad-tasting laxatives on my children."



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# Freedom First!

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A prior requisite to most else that matters in America is freedom—it must be vouched safe first.

Unless the democratic process, constitutional government, free pulpit, free press, free enterprise, free assembly and free speech become a popular and first demand, they will be lost.

It is the duty of clergymen of all denominations to proclaim a gospel of Freedom First. Jesus did. He insisted upon the sovereignty of individual souls under God.

Government paternalism leads inevitably to government domination. The further stateism develops the harder it is to resist. *Now* is the time to proclaim devotion to the American, Christian way of life and *now* is therefore the time to thwart trends toward a European pattern of state domination.

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out a sense of divine help. A whole-hearted Christ cannot walk with a half-hearted saint.

*We thank Thee, Father, for Thy holy zeal; give us to share in it. Amen.*

MAY  
18

A SANE QUESTION  
ISAIAH 10:1-4  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"WHERE will you leave your wealth?" One fact is sure you will leave it somewhere. You can't take it with you. That is you can't take it with you except on one condition. You can change it into personality. As Jesus put it, you can make it into friends who will be friendly here and who will by and by receive you into everlasting habitations. To invest in folks is to change our money into a coin that will pass as legal tender in all worlds.

*Help us, O Lord, to change our coin into character. Amen.*

MAY  
19

SILLY BOASTING  
ISAIAH 10:5-15

"SHALL the ax boast itself against him that heweth therewith?" Surely not. Such boasting would be silly. It would be as silly as ours when we boast over what we have received as a gift as if we had won it by our own cleverness. If everything were taken from us today except what our own unaided hands have gained, little would be left except our sin. Therefore, about the only sane boasting is to boast in the Lord.

*Grant us, Father, to sing with the Psalmist, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord." Amen.*

MAY  
20

THAT NEW WORLD  
ISAIAH 11:1-9

"THE lion shall eat straw like the ox." In that case the lion and the ox can become friends and live together. But when may we expect the lion to change his diet after this fashion? Only when he has changed his nature. So long as he remains the same kind of lion that he is today, no ox will dare invite him to share a feast of straw. In like manner we human animals must be changed. We must be so changed that we shall seek to live for each other instead of upon each other.

*Keep alive in our hearts, O Lord, the hope and the battle for a better world. Amen.*

MAY  
21

DESERTS AND GARDENS  
ISAIAH 13:14-19  
(Moffatt)

"WHO made a desert of the world?" Here is a man who might have been to the world of his day as lifegiving showers, but he chose instead to be as a blighting drought. There have always been those

who have been willing to take rather than give; to rob rather than to enrich. But it is our privilege to make a finer choice. We can give ourselves to the task of changing deserts into gardens. Working with God, we can help to make the wilderness and the solitary places to become glad and the desert to rejoice and blossom as a rose.

*Help us, O Lord, so to live with Thee that we may be as rivers of waters in a dry place. Amen.*

MAY  
22

HOLLOW AND LOUD  
ISAIAH 16:4-8  
(Moffatt)

"SO HOLLOW and so loud." Some folks like the loud. When I was a small boy the firecracker was my favorite Christmas present. I loved it not for its beauty or usefulness but for its loudness. I was then experimenting in noises. But now having heard and made about all the noises there are, the loud does not make such a strong appeal. Then, too, I have learned that some things are loud not because they are so great, but because they are so hollow. Such was the shouting of the people when Elijah won his fleeting victory at Carmel. Generally speaking it is the silent forces that are strong. Gravity never thunders, but it holds the universe together.

*Grant us, Father, the wisdom to listen to the voice small and still. Amen.*

MAY  
23

SOBBING ALONE  
ISAIAH 16:6-14  
(Moffatt)

"MOAB then is left to weep for Moab." Why so, I wonder? Perhaps Moab had so lived for himself that when trouble came there was nobody else to weep for him. If we rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep, then when our bitter day comes, we are not likely to weep alone. But if we shut ourselves off from the sorrows of others, then one day it will likely be true for us as for Moab—that we are left to weep for ourselves.

*Help us, Lord, so to give to others day by day that whether sunshine or shadows come, we shall not be alone. Amen.*

MAY  
24

TRANSIENT TERROR  
ISAIAH 17:7-14  
(Moffatt)

"AT EVENING a terror, and gone by morning." At first glance this seems a far too sunny reading of things. Yet despots who upset the world do have a way of passing. They can't last for long. Perhaps we find it hard at times to believe that the meek will really inherit the earth. But it ought not to be hard to see that the non-meek are not going to get it. In destroying others, they always destroy themselves. At evening they may be a

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terror, but with the morning they are gone.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that the final victory is not with tyranny and oppression but with righteousness and justice. Amen.*

MAY  
25

SMITING TO HEAL  
ISAIAH 19:16-22  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"AND though the Lord may smite . . . He will smite only to heal." God is good, but not goody-goody. He sometimes smites both men and nations. But He always smites in love, never in mere anger. The vast majority of our suffering is a result of our own ignorance and sin. Pain is often the red flag that a merciful God waves in our faces to tell us we are headed in the wrong direction. Again and again God smites us through natural law. What we sow we reap whether good or evil. But when we turn to Him, He heals us not so much of our pain which is only a symptom, but of our sin which is the disease.

*We thank Thee, Lord, for the joy that so often seeks us through pain. Amen.*

MAY  
26

ONE WORLD  
ISAIAH 19:23-25  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"BLESSED be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance." What a roomy vision for that far-off day! This prophet has realized that all peoples belong to God. He has realized further that his own Israel cannot be blessed unless the pagan nations share that blessing. Isolation has always been next to impossible. It is absolutely impossible today. In order for our nation to be safe we must see to it that all other nations share in that salvation.

*Grant us and our leaders, Father, to see that no nation can be safe unless we have a safe world. Amen.*

MAY  
27

MAJORING ON MINORS  
ISAIAH 22:1-11  
(Goodspeed-Smith)

"BUT you looked not to Him." That is a common blunder. Here are people in a desperate plight. They are seeking by every known device to save themselves. But they are failing because they have forgotten their supreme resource—the mighty God. Thus they were putting accent on the wrong syllable. They were majoring on minors. They should have looked to God first. With their faith fixed on Him, they would not have been less active, but they would have been at once more wise and more mighty.

*Help us to realize, O Lord, that it is not by might nor by power but by Thy Spirit that we can win. Amen.*

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# FALSE TEETH WEARERS

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MAY  
28

PERSONAL RELIGION  
ISAIAH 25:1-5

"O LORD, Thou art my God." Every value takes on a new significance for us when we can claim it as our own. This is supremely true in the realm of the spiritual. Luther is right in affirming that experimental religion is in the personal pronouns. I might be able to say with conviction that the Lord is a shepherd and yet be little the richer. But if I can say "The Lord is my Shepherd," then the morning light of a new day has already flashed upon the hills of my heart.

Grant us to say at this moment, "Lord, Thou art my God." Amen.

MAY  
29

WIPING AWAY TEARS  
ISAIAH 25:6-12

"THE Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." This is indeed a radiant promise! Yet how futile it is to wipe away tears that continue to flow. It is like trying to empty a leaky boat. I undertook such a task recently, but with only partial success. But when God wipes away our tears, He does not do so by resorting to the expedient of a pocket handkerchief as we often do. He attacks our trouble at its source. He dries our eyes by healing our hearts.

We thank Thee, Father, that we can bring to Thee our sorrow in the faith that Thou wilt either dry our tears or kiss them into jewels. Amen.

MAY  
30

PERFECT PEACE  
ISAIAH 26:1-12

"THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Perfect peace. That sounds like a big order for one who is to live in a world like ours. How, I wonder, did Isaiah come by this conviction? It was born, I am quite sure, of his own experience. His was a tempestuous day and he lived his life in the thick of things. But he knew the secret of peace. Day by day he had learned to stay his mind not on his circumstances, not on himself, not on his fellows, but on his God. Doing this, he experienced a peace that passed all understanding.

Father, we thank Thee that a sense of Thy presence banishes our fears, as morning banishes the night. Amen.

MAY  
31

GOD IN ACTION  
ISAIAH 26:11-22  
(Moffatt)

"THOU art in action, and they see nothing." Here is a bit of song that ends in a sob. God is in action. That is heartening. He is in action on your behalf and mine. He is knocking at the door of every heart. He is offering to ev-

ery man His best. God is in action within His church, seeking to make it a glorious church without spot or blemish. He is in action also in His bleeding world, refusing to be discouraged till He has won the victory. But the tragedy is that so many see nothing of what He is doing. To such, God seems either not to exist at all or to be little better than a fiddling Nero who looks on while his world burns to ashes.

We thank Thee, Father, that we are sure that Thou art constantly in action on behalf of every child of Thine. Amen.

## SPOILED CHILD

(Continued from page 23)

become wealthy, as they have done, I, too, might have drifted away. So perhaps it's as well," he concluded with a smile, "that money and I haven't seen much of each other!" It is easy, like the child, to be spoiled by too much indulgence; it is easy, like the bluebells, to be spoiled by ceaseless sunshine.

And the pity of it is that, very seldom, can the damage be repaired. Do spoiled children, I wonder, ever grow up to be unselfish, considerate, chivalrous and kind? Perhaps! I do not know; it would be interesting to learn. I only know that the cracked vase can never be mended; the bloom can never be restored to the peach; the bird with the broken wing never soars so high again.

Yet I must not generalize; the application of the principle must not be made too sweeping. Jeremiah tells us how he saw the vessel that had been marred in the making pressed by the potter into a lump of clay from which his deft fingers fashioned the shapely vase of his dreams. I have seen something of the same kind happen again and again.

I have known a young fellow, aflame with spiritual intensity and evangelistic passion, enter a theological college. There was no reason why, with the reading of many books, the pursuit of many studies and the learning of many languages, his ardour should cool. Such things should not be; but, just now and again they do occur. I have seen a man lose in spirituality what he gained in intellectuality. Spoiled!

That is precisely the point of Paul's argument. Beware, lest any man spoil you, he pleads. But how can I prevent this spoiling process? And how, if spoiled, can I regain the treasure I have lost?

In reply, Paul points his converts to Jesus, for, he says, in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily. Draw heavily on Him; cleave closely to Him; lean hard on Him; make much of Him; and, the greater the hold that He establishes upon your heart, says Paul, the smaller will be the danger of your being numbered among the hapless band of God's spoiled children.

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(Continued from page 28)

from a hundred books.

Speaking of books, the young folks were responsible for the Bookmobile—an automobile library running from farm to farm with books and magazines to loan. It came around once in three weeks, and it carried books in many languages—which made a hit with the many nationalities in the area. To prayer and church service was added knowledge-on-wheels.

The thing has grown and expanded in a dozen other ways, but perhaps the crowning triumph of the whole thing has been that the church life of the whole territory has merged into a loosely federated organization in a natural, friendly way. Denominational ties have not been disturbed in any way whatsoever; this is the final answer to those who oppose church unity because "It will break up our church." No church has been broken up; every church has become stronger because it has helped itself to the strengths of every other church. Instead of four non-resident ministers who were trying to do the impossible of serving these churches in 1937, and all of whom had additional work to do outside those parishes, *there are now two full-time resident ministers concentrating on the needs of two churches each*, located in the two population centers of the Larger Parish.

On a hot July Sunday in 1942, there was a pretty little service in one of the little white churches of the Valley. There was a pageant: children dressed in the costumes of the people of India, Africa, China, American Indians and Pilgrims and modern Americans moved back and forth across the platform in reverent pantomime; when they spoke, they spoke the language of prayer and understanding and not of division.

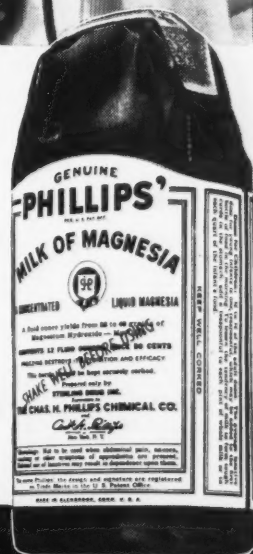
In the pews, watching them, were the mothers and fathers who had known the long, long divisiveness of the Valley churches years on end; they were not divided here. The choir was a picked group from the two local churches; the organist came from one church, the pianist and the choir director from another. They were all friends. They were all neighbors, and they had learned to know each other and to love their neighbors as themselves. Nobody in all that crowd thought of anybody as Methodist, Baptist, Universalist; they were all *Christians*, and as Christians they had found a unity of purpose and worship they would never have found had they been content to stay merely Methodist, Baptist, Universalist.

They worked miracles, in this Ot-squago Valley, which they could never have worked alone. And all they did was to—cooperate.

## It's only HUMAN....

to overwork these days. Like overindulgence in eating, drinking, smoking—overwork leads to excess stomach acidity causing stomach distress, heartburn, gas and restless nights.

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## Current Films

REVIEWED BY MOTION PICTURE  
COUNCIL OF PROTESTANT WOMEN

Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT.** *Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale.* (Warner) Col. Robert Lee Scott told of heroes when he wrote this story of General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers. After the Japanese attack, Scott was the first United States Army flier to join the Flying Tigers. He led a flight of B-17's (Flying Fortresses) to the Far East. Finally he joins the staff of General Chennault and is allowed to fly with the Tigers. A missionary priest teaches him that the pilot is not alone when flying his plane. The aerial photography is outstanding **F**

**LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP.** *Anton Walbrook, Deborah Kerr, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans.* (United Artists) This saga of war covers more than forty years and three wars. It is based on David Low's cartoon character in *Punch*. There is a romance in the film, good philosophy and humor, and an emphasis on the difference between the peoples of England and Germany. Technicolor. **A YP**

**MR. EMMANUEL.** *Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt, Walter Rilla.* (United Artists) The story of a gentle Jewish patriarch, an English citizen in pre-war days, who travels to Germany to try to find the mother of a refugee boy. There he is caught in the whirlpool of Nazi hatred for his race. He is rescued by an English cabaret star and her Nazi friends. With the help of this girl, he locates the boy's mother who has married a Nazi and lost everything that was ever good about her. When Mr. Emmanuel returns to England, he tells the boy that his mother is dead; that the lovely mother he knew is gone. The boy says he has been praying that she might be. This is the story of a great soul who is willing to suffer to help a small boy become a normal human being. All thinking people will wish to see this poignant film. **F**

**THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA.** *Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson.* (20th Cent.-Fox) The same cast is used which portrayed "My Friend Flicka"; this is a sequel. The white stallion is named for the thunder clouds. A boy trains the animal to be a racer and this takes love and patience because Thunderhead is a rebellious spirit. There is a thrilling fight with a wild horse. Technicolor. **F**

**THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE.** *Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.* (RKO) The theme might be stated: "All things are beautiful if seen

through the eyes of love." It is based on a play by Pinero and is transposed in time and place. A blind musician plays his new composition for a group of friends. The interpretation of the music is the story of Oliver and Laura. Oliver is in the air force and returns with nerves shattered and his face horribly disfigured. Laura is a plain-looking girl. These two are married. Often they are temporarily disillusioned, but when left to themselves they return to faith in each other and the future and know that there is no need to be hampered by externals. **F**

**THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY.** *George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Donna Reed, Angela Lansbury.* (MGM) It would be difficult to preach a more forceful sermon against sin than is preached here. It is in London in 1885 that we first see Dorian Gray, a handsome young man of 22 who is having his portrait painted by a famous artist. The portrait becomes his conscience, showing all the horror and evil of his life while he outwardly remains unchanged; it becomes hideous as it reflects his soul. The film ends in a most interesting way and Dorian's final prayer for forgiveness is effective. Based on the novel by Oscar Wilde. **A YP**

**THE UNSEEN.** *Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall.* (Paramount) Here is a mystery filled with action and suspense. First we see an empty, boarded-up house which seems deserted, but isn't. Twelve years earlier a murder was committed there. One night there is an unusual light in the window. After that, everything happens. **A YP**

**IT'S A PLEASURE.** *Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea.* (RKO) Direction is excellent. The music and color effects are exquisite, and Miss Henie was never in better form. The story is about a girl who helps a boy to stardom. They are married but the boy feels that he is a failure and leaves. They are separated for two years but their love lasts on. Finally they get together again. The idea is brought out that there are some weak characters who cannot stop drinking after the first drink; unless they abstain entirely they drink to excess. Technicolor. **A YP**

**BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST.** *Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly.* (RKO) A dramatic exposé of Japanese intrigue. Drew Pearson, the commentator, states that the story is true. It depicts the treachery of the Japanese, showing their espionage plans in California and South America. The FBI frustrates the plans of the enemy. **A YP**

**A ROYAL SCANDAL.** *Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, William Eythe.* (20th Cent.-Fox) The spectacular settings with Tallulah Bankhead and her glamorous wardrobe make this farce interesting. The Empress of Russia was never dominated by her lovers. We see a youth who believes that he can help the peasants and protect the ruler of Russia while being her lover. At last he learns his true position and turns against her; he is put in prison, but his life is saved and

Catherine turns to another. There is some drinking. **A**

**DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS.** Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Moore, Arthur Treacher. (United Artists) A story of classical music and syncopation joining forces. Morton Gould directs the music. Jane Powell is a music student, very proud of her older sister, believing that she is a star in a musical comedy. When she discovers that her sister is only a star in burlesque, she determines to rescue her. Then the complications begin. There are crude spots in the film. **A** **YP**

**BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.** Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, June Havoc, Gail Patrick. (United Artists) Here is another version of the novel by George Barr McCutcheon. After two years in the army, Montague Brewster has been honorably discharged. He is planning his marriage when he learns that he is to inherit eight million dollars from an eccentric uncle. To teach the young man the value of money, there is a proviso in the will: he must spend one million dollars of the amount before noon of his thirtieth birthday. In just two months. It is a fast moving comedy that is entertaining as well as humorous. **F**

**TONIGHT AND EVERYNIGHT.** Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair, Leslie Brooks. (Columbia) Deals with the way the London theatre carries on during an air blitz. Romance enters, but keeping up the morale of the populace comes first. Chorus girls act as air-raid wardens and first-aid helpers. There is drama and music and humor. Rita Hayworth dances. There is some drinking. Technicolor. **A**

**MOLLY AND ME.** Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall, Reginald Gardiner. (20th Cent.-Fox) Gracie Fields as Molly demonstrates her versatility in singing and acting; she is a variety actress down on her luck and gets a job as a housekeeper in a great house the owner of which is standing for Parliament. The household staff resents the new housekeeper and all quit. A great emergency arises in the form of a formal dinner. Old friends from the boarding house are called in to help out. The home is humanized, threatened scandal is avoided, and the election is won. The butler gets drunk. There is a "pub" scene. **F**

**I'LL REMEMBER APRIL.** Gloria Jean, Kirby Grant, Milburn Stone, Samuel S. Hinds. There is a flimsy plot in this film but the singing of Gloria Jean is enjoyable. Her father loses his money and his health and she gets a singing job on the radio and supports the family. There is a murder mystery involving the father. There is some casual drinking. **YP**

Previously Recommended:

Together Again **F**, Winged Victory **A**, The Three Caballeros **F**, The Fighting Lady **A**, National Velvet **F**, Music For Millions **F**, Can't Help Singing **F**, Hollywood Canteen **F**, Sunday Dinner for a Soldier **F**, Roughly Speaking **F**, Youth On Trial **A** **YP**.

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- ☐ Posture-perfect

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- ☐ Should you just stand there
- ☐ Walk slowly on
- ☐ Feel offended

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# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## Meet Martha Todd

• Martha Todd gets her department under way this month, and the editors know you're going to like the cut of her jib. We've been hunting a long time for her. It seemed easy, at first; the Church is full of Martha Todd's, but just try to get one of them to write a monthly column for a million people to read—and maybe criticize. We think we have a real addition to the writing staff in this little lady.

There were several things demanded of the one we wanted to edit these pages. She had to be "small church"—because most of the churches in America are small. She had to be able to write. She had to be active in all departments of church work. She had to know the folks we serve. This Martha does—as you will know when you read her first installment this month. She is talkative without being gossipy; she is lively without being exhausting. She says she's past 40, and doesn't care who knows it. She says she'll speak her mind, and if the editors don't run what she writes, they can just get someone else. She isn't writing for money, she's writing because she wants to help the folks in the Church swap ideas that have worked.

You'll love her. And it will be up to you to help her. Write her, now!

## Catholic, Jew, Negro

• We're increasingly impressed with the numbers of non-Protestant and non-white readers we're getting on CHRISTIAN HERALD. Hardly a day goes by without a letter from some new enthusiast telling us they are subscribing not so much because they believe all we have to say, but because they just like to read the magazine. That's quite a compliment!

Here, for instance, is one that came in yesterday:

Dear Editor:

After our renters vacated recently, I was going over the place and chanced to pick up the January issue of CHRISTIAN

HERALD. Curious and yet fearful I ran through it until I came upon a short letter written by "A Protestant," and speaking of the Catholics as being "rotten." . . . After reading it and your answer, my first impulse was to throw the magazine in the fire. I misread your answer. . . . I took it as personal against the Church but now I can see that it wasn't meant that way.

You see, I have had a hard struggle the past few years against such personal remarks made . . . by Protestants. They are a cruel lot, in their way, the same as Catholics are cruel, but the difficulty lay in the fact that I left the Protestant Church and attended the Catholic Church a year before entering it. It seems to me that there are good Christians in the Catholic Church as well as in the Protestant Church. . . . When people who use the name "Christian" slight it by not being Christlike in all things, and especially use the authority of judging others, it seems to me it is time to clean their own slate. I know that my own selfish thoughts and actions are a greater sin for me than for someone else who gets drunk or does a little coveting. What I am trying to get across is that we have plenty to do to remove the mote from our own eye rather than the beam from someone else's.

I haven't been very coherent, but I had to write. It has been interesting to read your magazine and find that it is tolerant toward the Catholics. I have been made to feel like a slinking dog because I joined this Church, but in that Church I want to live and die, and I will make it part of my cross to bear the thoughtless remarks—it makes me more considerate not to hurt others.

Hamburg, Iowa.

Mrs. M. W. Dalton

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the article "Mankind Is One Neighborhood," by Justice Murphy, and I want to congratulate you on your true patriotism in publicizing the evil of anti-Semitism.

. . . Let us stand together and defy the enemy who seeks to divide and conquer us. As an American, a mother and a Jewess I wish to thank you for your courage and your common sense. . . .  
Brooklyn, N. Y. Leonore S. Kohn

Dear Editor:

I am a new reader of CHRISTIAN HERALD and already I think it is one of the finest magazines printed. In times like these, such magazines are a necessity. . . . It may interest you to know that I am a Negro, and I want to say that the swell article about Dorothy Maynor (December 1944 issue) was not only a timely tribute to this fine singer, but it was a great inspiration to millions of people. Often I stop and ask myself, "What am I fighting for?" I have only to glance at a magazine like CHRISTIAN HERALD to answer that.

Camp Livingston, La. Pvt. James K. Little  
CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945 • PAGE 50



● So here are a Catholic, a Jewess and a Negro enjoying CHRISTIAN HERALD. We're praying hard that we may add more and more of them to our family, and that we may be able to help them in these days of difficult adjustment and advance toward a more Christian tolerance and understanding. To our new Catholic friend, let us say this, as charitably as we can: Most of the Protestant objection to the Catholic Church, these days, is not objection to the faith of any individual, to the way in which he may worship or to what he may believe. It is objection to the political activities of the hierarchy.

And of course, the Catholic has something when he replies that we Protestants play politics in many directions, too. Mrs. Dalton hits the bull's-eye when she calls upon all of us to remove first the mote from our own eye.

#### Local No. 1

● We are impressed and humbled by the commendation sweeping in from all over the country about our new Motion Picture Council of Protestant Women. From the Geneva, Ohio, *Free Press*, we clip the following item:

Realizing the important place motion pictures hold in the edification of young people, the members of the King's Daughters have joined a national movement to promote motion pictures which are beneficial and inspiring. The King's Daughters draws its membership from women of four Geneva churches: the Episcopal, Church of Christ, Methodist and Congregational. However, other Protestant churches in the community are cooperating. . . At present, a petition is being circulated in town, outlining the objectives of the campaign and seeking signatures. . . The petition follows.

Quoting from this petition, we read: "Let us see that the type (of motion picture) is not one that will increase juvenile delinquency and crime, but the wholesome, inspirational ones which elevate the standards of America. And let us stand wholeheartedly behind the CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has appointed a committee of twenty-seven prominent women, with Mrs. Daniel A. Poling as national chairman, who will attend previews five days a week and make an impartial report month by month."

The ladies in Geneva will make their own monthly reports; they have formed themselves into a Christian Herald Local No. 1, as it were! This is the brand of action Protestantism has been waiting for. Our hats are off to Geneva. Good luck and God bless you!



## 7 A.M....You're in a state

**POOR YOU!** That not-sick-not-well feeling has you down. Maybe it's a laxative you need—a sparkling re-

fresher of Sal Hepatica! Now—before breakfast—how's about a tingling glass—to help give you needed relief?



## 9 A.M....You're feeling great

**NEW VIEW!** Same person, new outlook! Wonderful, what Sal Hepatica can do to help! If you take it first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour, bringing speedy, ever-so-easy relief. It's a help in counteracting excess

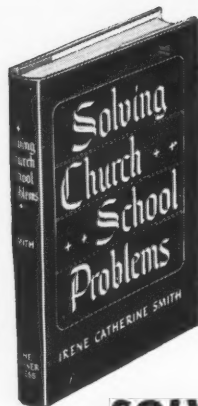
gastric acidity, too; and in turning a sour stomach sweet again.

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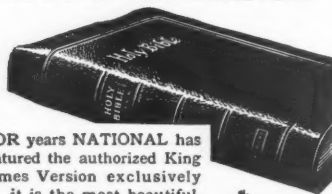
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### THE CEILINGS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 35)

surroundings. He lacked almost all of the comforts and conveniences which we call necessities. He never travelled more than a hundred miles from that village. His environment was drab almost beyond our power to describe. And yet in that dismal little backyard of the Roman Empire, Our Lord developed a victory garden of the spirit from which the souls of men have been feeding down the centuries. Who are we to complain of our limitations?

A third reason why Paul could say, "When I am weak then am I strong," was that under the ceiling of his limitations he learned a refinement as well as a resourcefulness of strength. The first mention of Saul of Tarsus is in connection with the stoning of Stephen. He was a dominant forceful figure, breathing out fire and slaughter against the new Christian sect. Yet it was this same man who later wrote the world's tenderest tribute to love: "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, \* \* \* doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." The man who wrote those words had been transformed until the crude brittle pig-iron of his early years had become tempered into the firm but flexible steel of maturity; for love after all is the strongest force in the world.

Did you ever stop to think how often there seems to be a link of casual connection between physical suffering and

the highest creative work? The annals of literature reveal a remarkable story. Think of Milton's blindness, Alexander Pope's grotesque deformity, the tubercular Keats and Emily Brontë, Emerson and Tennyson with their chronic infections, the epilepsy of Swinburne and Flaubert, the neuralgia of Dickens and Bradford. There is hardly a sound body in the roster of the world's most distinguished writers; and of those blessed with health, there was nearly always a spiritual anguish that had to be borne. Even the healthy Goethe once said, "I never had an affliction that I didn't turn into a poem." Yes, when we read the masterpieces of our literature, we might remember that most of them "came up out of great tribulation."

The sufferings and restrictions of this present time will not of themselves refine the spirit of our people. But if they serve to drive us to the deeper sources of Divine strength, to a new resourcefulness in the use of our own powers and to a refinement of crude force into creative faith, then the ceilings under which we now live will be transformed into a chambered nautilus and with Oliver Wendell Holmes we can say,

*Build thee more stately mansions, O  
my soul,  
While the swift seasons roll,  
Leave thy low-vaulted past,  
Let each new temple nobler than  
the last  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome  
more vast  
Till thou at length art free.*

### NOBLEST HILL

(Continued from page 14)

they were somehow sure that out of the whole great chaotic struggling they could rear up a strong ladder for their sons to climb, that through them all the dream might start toward realization.

ARLINGTON FOR YEARS was a Civil War cemetery—and then the Maine went down. There is a mast from the Maine at Arlington and there are 650 Spanish War veterans there, too. They were brought home from the fever-swamps of Cuba; they came back from Santiago and San Juan. They were the men of what some have dubbed the "Higgledy-Piggledy War" into which rode mammoth fat General Shafter on a mule, his feet dragging on the ground. Some there are who say it was William Randolph Hearst's war. Others say we fought for territory. But the common man who fought that business didn't fight it for William Randolph Hearst or for territory. He went to war against a nation that had set up prison camps in Cuba. This was one war he didn't have to go to—one of the few for which we had no draft. But he went. He did not under-

stand all the motives of all the men behind the scenes, but he went not for those leaders but to set a people free. Thousands died—some from bullets, some from yellow fever.

As you roam over Arlington, sooner or later you will come to Walter Reed. Colonel Walter Reed, who set an American army swatting mosquitos and putting oil on swamplands, because he found out (with the help of Sergeant O'Hara and a few privates who offered themselves as guinea pigs) that the mosquito carried yellow fever. Who can think of Walter Reed as a soldier? He was a healer, the conqueror of one of history's most dread and fatal illnesses. You'll find General Gorgas, who helped build a canal, who defeated malaria and yellow fever and who succeeded where other men had failed. And you'll find William Jennings Bryan here—Bryan, who resigned from Woodrow Wilson's cabinet because he was so Christian and so pacifist that he could not bear the thought of declaring war on Germany. Few Americans seemed to agree with William Jennings Bryan; they turned him down three times when he ran for President. Rejected as President and

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laughed at as pacifist and hooted as a Temperance lecturer—here he is, in honor at Valhalla. That's America!

Sheridan is here, and you stand by his monument and you look up and see him riding, ghostly in the clouds, to stem defeat at Winchester, twenty miles away. Admiral Porter is here, and Crooks who fought the Indians and Abner Doubleday who invented baseball. Generals and admirals and sergeants and privates and one "supposed deserter." Soldiers and healers and pacifists and canal-builders and the ashes of Paderewski the Pole, there in tribute to music and the nobility and the internationalism of the great pianist, waiting for Poland to throw off her chains and welcome him home again. That's America!

But it is strange that so few folks who go to Arlington ask to see Sheridan's monument, or Porter's, or Reed's, or Bryan's. They don't seem much interested in generals and admirals. It is the American in them that prompts them to ask, "But where is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?"

There is the heart of America! Nobody knows whether he came from Arkansas or Chicago, from prairie or counting-house or mill, whether he was white, black, Czech-American or even, (could it be?) Japanese-American. They don't seem to care. They think of him as American—as the best of all peoples met in one, as the final fusion of all that is good and great. He was brought here, unidentified, unknown but to God. He lay in state beneath the capitol dome, and thousands came to pay him tribute who never saw his face. Flowers were piled higher than they had ever been piled for any President lying in state. And then they followed him out to Arlington. Behind him that day walked "Black Jack" Pershing, who walked because, as he said himself, he had followed behind this boy in the battles of France. "This boy went ahead of me into battles; I'll walk behind him now." They left the boy in Valhalla, where he could look across the hills and the river and see the capitol dome and the White House and the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, and people come from the prairies and the mountains and the great cities and the countless little towns of the land and just stand there beside him and think. Somehow they do not think of him as being dead, but as a symbol, as the invisible composite of all their American dreams and hopes.

And we listen here, in a strange way, as we listen nowhere else in America, and we hear—the sound of their souls marching, all these known and unknown. We hear the music of the American dream. This is the quality, the intangible something that is really America.



## RADIOGRAM From China!

PLEASE DEPOSIT FOR YEAR. THINGS  
GOING WELL AS EXPECT.  
HENRY TALBOT!

★  
**T**HE spirit of these people! They are never licked. With only the clothes on their back just a few months ago they fled into the hills, just getting out of Foochow in time to save their lives. The children are safe—once more hiding in a monastery. All they need is money. But how they need that! for food costs have risen to figures beyond our imagination, and clothing is almost impossible to get. If all they ask of us is money, our part is easy to carry. The real work starts after the money has reached them—to buy and get food and clothing up into the hills. That is the job the indomitable workers perform. Had our missionaries failed these orphaned children once, they would have faced starvation and worse.

Henry Talbot carries on in your name and His name, do not fail him or the children now.

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**WHEN THE DREAD MESSAGE COMES**

(Continued from page 19)

which they would rebuild after the war. Also, in one of his last letters he told us that he was finding time, even in England, to push on with some university courses he was taking. He hoped, when he came back, to earn a Ph.D. and teach. But all those plans are washed up and to some it may look like waste. Yet, who dares to say that our small human plans are lost? May they not be caught up in and become parts of a larger master plan? And as for his labors and efforts directed toward ends to be achieved after the war, did they not contribute to the enrichment of his personality, even though their original purposes are never fulfilled? Moreover, if personality really is continuous after death, then anything that contributes to the enrichment of personality is never wasted.

We believe, then, and we find comfort in the thought, that he fulfilled the purpose of his life, though he was cut off in his youth. While he lived he drank at life's stream deeply and fully. He lived a rich life and fulfilled his mission. He fought a good fight; he finished his course; he kept his faith. And now he lives on in the presence of God and with all those gay and gallant warriors who have given their lives for what is right and good.

In the third place, we are enabled to accept this tragic loss without bitterness because we believe that God works through such events for the fulfillment of His purpose. We believe that God works in history, and that means that He is at work to accomplish His purpose through the terrible and tragic episodes of the war.

This is not to identify God's infinite will and purpose with our finite wills and wayward purposes. At the best we see through a glass darkly. God's great will and purpose must far outreach anything that we can think of or imagine; certainly it goes far beyond our narrow personal or national purposes, even at their best and purest. But that does not imply that we should sit hopelessly and helplessly by, doing nothing when vast issues are at stake, because, forsooth, we cannot be sure that we know the whole and perfect will of God. We can reasonably believe that, if we earnestly seek to do so, we can bring our wills and purposes into line with His, so far as our dim intelligence and wavering devotion will permit. Else why should intelligence be given us?

When visited by a group of Chicago clergymen who sought to instruct him as to God's will in relation to the conduct of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln replied:

I hope that it is not irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my

duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is I will do it. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case and learn what appears to be wise and right

So it is with us. Today we have no High Priest who can make resort to the Urim and Thummim for an authoritative revelation of the will of God. We must, like Lincoln, study the plain physical facts of the case, free ourselves as far as possible from bias and prejudice, and sincerely endeavor to discover what is God's will for our lives.

And, so far as I can see, God cannot be on the side of tyranny, of ruthless grasping for power and domination at no matter what cost in blood and tears, of cruel robbery and wholesale murder. God's purposes surely are a larger liberty, a wider brotherhood, a truer justice, a kingdom of love for all the children of men. And one whose reading of history tells him that these goods have never been secured or retained except as men have been willing to stand against aggressors and tyrants at no matter what personal sacrifice, will be supported by the conviction that he works with God, the Determiner of human destiny, when he engages in such a struggle.

But this requires that such a one keep his purposes both firm and pure. For God no more plays favorites among nations than he does among individuals. If our hearts are corrupted by the same lusts as those which we believe brought on the war, then God will fight against us. Which means that we have two wars to fight at once: one against our enemies, who seek to impose a cruel tyranny and a hateful way of life upon the world, and one against the evil purposes of our own hearts which may make us little better than our enemies. For while we fight we must fight with penitence, knowing that we are not entirely free, even in our own hearts and in our own land, of the evils against which we struggle; and that among our enemies there must be some whose deepest purposes, however submerged by present national feelings, are close to our own.

But the fact that we do not fully realize in our own personal or national lives the ideals which we seek to establish, must not enervate us for the struggle. We must fight to overthrow the evil thing abroad, and, equally, to defeat it wherever it shows itself at home. And while we struggle against wickedness, there must go forward the unremitting effort to establish those positive and constructive values and ways of life which

are symbolized for us in such terms as freedom, democracy, good will, and brotherliness. Since I believe that these values are involved in this struggle, and that they are indeed the purpose of God for His human children, I am convinced that we may, with deep humility, believe that God supports us as we seek to establish them. Not, let me say again, that this means that His thoughts are fully our thoughts, or His ways our ways, but that, so far as our dim human intelligence can see, we are seeking the accomplishment of His will, and that He works in us for the fulfilment of His good pleasure. To accomplish such a purpose, no one can give more than his life; and to give one's life for such ends is truly glorious.

All these considerations enable us, Chuck's kin, to accept this tragic event without resentment. A letter just received says, "I must say no more or I'll display the bitterness I feel in my heart at the outcome of it all." I think I can truthfully say that in our hearts—those of the bereft young widow, the stricken mother, the admiring younger brother, and my own—there is no touch of bitterness. We grieve deeply for him. We still find ourselves looking for letters from him which will never come. The thought is almost unendurable that never again shall we hear his quick step and vibrant voice or respond to his contagious smile. I have learned what depths of sorrow were expressed in David's words, "Would God I had died for thee . . . my son, my son!"

In the fourth, and last, place, we are enabled to face this tragedy because we have discovered that the old assurances of religious faith are true. No matter how great the depth of sorrow—and the sorrow is very deep—"the Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms." We are sustained and comforted. We are assured that all of us—we, here and now, no less than our son in the beyond—live in the presence of an Eternal Goodness and a Great Compassion. The words of our Master echo down the centuries and come as if spoken to us: *I will not leave you comfortless . . . My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.*

And so that peace comes, deep, vital and flowing, like a great river, not for a moment causing us to forget our grief, but enabling us to live with it, serene and confident, and with lives in some strange manner greatly enriched. And, at the last, we are assured that *God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.*



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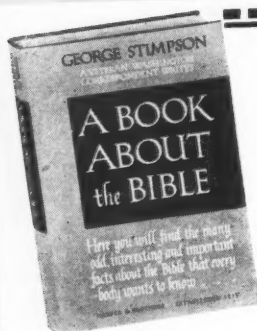
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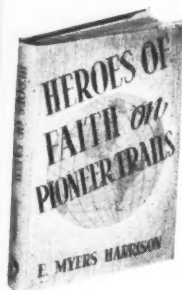
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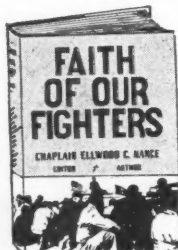
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**REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS**, by W. L. White. (Harcourt, Brace, 309 pp., \$2.50) The long-awaited and much-debated book on Russia. W. L. White, well-known as the author of "They Were Expendable" and "Queens Die Proudly," tells the story of the trip through Russia which he made with Eric Johnston. The existent rules of secrecy in Russia were largely suspended; in consequence, the author of this book was permitted to go places and see things, to ask questions and to secure answers concerning matters which have long been hidden from most of the world. The book is replete with personal illustrations, indicating the drama, the conflict and the humor which was inevitable in such a tour.

This book has already been the basis of wide discussion since a condensation of it appeared in *The Reader's Digest*. Its point of view has been debated pro and con both in Russia and the United States. That debate will go on now that the book itself is available to the reading public. This is inevitable, for the material contained is unvarnished, sharp, sometimes critical, often commendatory, always provocative. For those who wish to see Russia through American eyes, this is a must book.

**WRITTEN IN SAND**, by Josephine Young Case. (Houghton Mifflin, 160 pp., \$2.00) The story of an American expedition in North Africa, in a setting of more than 100 years ago. The Barbary pirates had captured 300 Americans and were holding them prisoners. A strange army of 500 under the leadership of General William Eaton, an army made up of every type of African native with a nucleus of eight American Marines, set out from Alexandria to invade Tripoli. The story itself is an interesting one, written with more than usual beauty for a historical novel but the main interest is in the fact that names which have only recently been in the headlines during the North African campaign once more come



to our attention. El Alamein, Matruh, Derna and of course Tripoli are the main points which represent conquest and destination in this story. Through it all is woven the picture of General Eaton, a man of fierce determination, a man of tremendous patriotism, a man who loves the life of his home farm in America, yet was destined to military service in this expedition, the story of which is written in the sand. The book contains many helpful suggestions as to the proper handling of the territory of North Africa, now that it has been liberated. Our government made many mistakes there 100 years ago; those mistakes must not be repeated.

**ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN**, By George and Helen Papashvily. (Harper, 202 pp., \$2.00) A book to deepen one's sense of the greatness of America and the ideals for which America stands. It tells the story of George Papashvily who landed in this country from Georgia, in Russia. George was an incurable optimist; no hardship, no difficulty, no defeat could get him down or keep him down. One of the most intriguing features of the book is the quaint phraseology which George so frequently employs. It is a book of rare happiness, of deep friendliness and an unquenchable delight in whatever happens, all of which brings real pleasure to the reader.

**THE CHILD AND THE EMPEROR**, by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. (Macmillan, 150 pp., \$1.50) The clash between spiritual power and temporal power is a perennial contest. We are passing through one phase of it at the present time. That clash was typified in the days of Christ in the contrast between Christ and the Roman Empire. In this beautiful fable, the author reduces that clash to personal terms as he tells the story of a supposed meeting between the child Jesus and the Emperor Augustus, ruler of the world. The book is a brief one, but it is beautifully written. While it is in no sense the story of an actual experience in the life of Christ, yet it very adequately and interestingly expresses His spirit and the ultimate triumph for spiritual power which will come through Him in the life of the world.

**THE WESTMINSTER HISTORICAL ATLAS TO THE BIBLE**, by George Ernest Wright and Floyd Vivian Filson. (Westminster, 114 pp., \$3.50) Written and illustrated not for idle students, but for serious working ones, this is about as lovely and complete a book as you'll meet in a lifetime. There are 33 maps in full color so fine you'll want to frame them; the editorial material covers geography, archeology, history, politics. Nothing better, anywhere. F.S.M.

**NATHAN, BOY OF CAPERNAUM**, by Amy Morris Lillie. (Dutton, 192 pp., \$2.50) Written for 8-year-olds, this one contains more attractive local color and background than we've seen between the covers of any one book in a long time. Adults will steal it from the youngsters, and read it at one sitting. Here is Jesus

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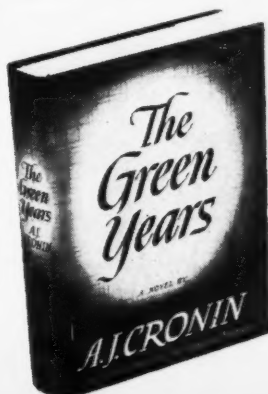
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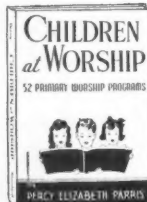
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### MISS BARTON'S BOARDERS

(Continued from page 26)

I figured that if he had a real quick thought, the top of his head would fly off. But not at all. He's quite a lad—been everywhere—seen everything. How come we got to talking? Well, he was out for an early stroll, and dropped in at the horse barn. Said the smell of my old coffee pot drew him like a magnet. Reminded him of the family coffee sitting on the back of the stove, day and night, the way they have it out in Wisconsin, where he grew up. So we had a cup together, and as he was reminiscing he let out the fact that he knew this Madame Rodinoff nigh onto forty years ago, when they were both attending the University at Madison."

"What?" Prilly and I cried in concert, and Prilly added, "Aw, Bill, you're kidding!"

"Me? Not this time. She was Zaida Muller, a big, tall, handsome Viking princess of a girl, parents German farm folks. And the Ivan Rodinoff she married was some kind of a professor. Biology, I think. Anyway, Walker had an honest-to-goodness crush on her in those days, and says he's going to remind her of their old acquaintance, when he gets up his courage. By golly, think of breaking your young heart over that woman! But he said he just about gloomed him-

self to death when she got married and went off to Russia to live. He's out by the front porch now, throwing sticks for Hannibal. Shall I call him in?"

**MANNA IN THE MORNING**, by Charles F. Fuller and J. Elwin Wright. (Fellowship Press, 327 pp., \$2.00) One of the most popular, perhaps the most widely heard of all radio evangelists, has collaborated in a splendid book of daily readings. Here is indeed manna in the morning, or for any other hour of the day. D.A.P.

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**PONDERIN' PETE**, by Lawrence Saint. (Union Gospel Press, 104 pp., \$1.00) A mountain boy, who never saw a Bible, serves his country, finds God and a girl. Homespun, wholesome—a big little book that deserves wide civilian as well as serviceman attention. F.S.M.

**FOR BETTER NOT FOR WORSE**, by Walter A. Maier. (Concordia, 598 pp., \$2.50) A two-fisted attack on current marriage and divorce evils. Much of it is negative, yet enough is positive to make it important. This is the ultra-conservative Christian position on love, courtship, marriage, divorce, and on what brings happiness in marriage. Not too thorough psychologically or scientifically, it is completely orthodox. F.S.M.

"Not yet," I said rather absently, and then I gave a good strong sniff. "Something's burning," I declared. "I've been noticing it quite a while. Prilly, did you spill some batter in the oven?"

"Why, no, Miss Abby. But I'll look. No, there's nothing burning in the oven." She sniffed, too. "Seems to me it's coming from the front hall. Hey, it's getting worse!"

We all hurried out through the dining room, and, sure enough, the front hall was blue with smoke.

"It's coming from Madame Rodinoff's room," Bill said. "Bet she's lit a fire in that fireplace, with the dampers closed. Yep, I hear her opening a window. Bang on the door, Abby, and tell her to let us in, quick!"

But I didn't wait for any ceremonious entry. I was already opening the door, fortunately left unlocked, and as I did so, the top sheet of a little pile of papers burning in the fireplace whirled up in the air and floated out through the open window. Before it could settle to the lawn, there was a growling rush, and Hannibal, seizing the paper in his teeth, made off with it, full tilt!

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 15)

any unbiased criticism of it that would help me see it in a true light? So she brings me two papers, one put out by the Foreign Policy Association, and one by the National League of Women Voters. I read them with interest, because by this time I am eager for a guide, an advisor.

I learn that the Dumbarton Oaks proposals grew out of the best thought and study of the big powers. In United States private organizations, experts in universities, Congress, and special committees in the State Department have been working since 1941 on these plans. In Britain and Russia, similar careful preparation led up to the actual drafting of the proposals.

I learn that force is to be used to stop aggression. That's an improvement over the old League of Nations, isn't it?

I learn that there is much emphasis in these new proposals on the solution of the causes of war, such as trade barriers, etc. I learn that the attitude toward disarmament is different. In the League of Nations, disarmament was treated as a cure for war. In the Dumbarton Oaks plan, disarmament is only talked of immediately in relation to Germany and Japan. I remember enough of history, recent history, to know that this is the only possible view today. We have to be armed, at least until a dependable international police force makes disarmament for all nations possible.

I learn that the plan is not perfect. It is criticized by some for not being idealistic enough, not giving the small nations enough voice, for being too involved in power politics. It is also criticized for being too idealistic, a relapse of the League of Nations.

I learn, too, that there are questions not yet decided among the participating nations. One is the voting on the Security Council, another the trusteeship for dependent peoples.

But I read in the League of Women Voters pamphlet that although the proposals are tentative, and incomplete, they are most encouraging. "It is a quite new and flexible approach to collective security and international general welfare."

And what is the next step, I wonder. I've studied the proposals. Now what happens to them? This is what they tell me, the magazines in the library:

First, after the proposals are completed, at a meeting of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt, they will be presented to a full United Nations conference. Then they will be returned to each member-nation for ratification. Ratification, in the United States—that means Senate approval, doesn't it? Now I am beginning to see where I fit into this picture.



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I wonder just exactly how it will be put to a vote. And I find that it will be done in several stages. First the Senate will vote on the question, "Shall we join the United Nations, or shall we not?" That must be passed as all treaties are passed, by two-thirds vote of the Senate. One-third of the Senators plus one—that is thirty-three votes—can keep us out of a peace organization. That's what happened in 1919.

Second, there will be a vote on the selection of delegates to the international organization. Some have been saying that it can't be done constitutionally. But I read that it can. In the Constitution, Congress has the power to declare war. Why then can not Congress pass a statute by a majority vote in both houses, delegating this power to its chosen representatives? In the Constitution, the President is charged with the defense of the nation. Preventing wars is certainly defending the nation. He then can appoint a representative to be his delegate to the international organization. Bi-partisan committees of both houses are working out plans to accomplish this. The important thing to me, is that it can be done constitutionally.

The power of the delegates is being debated. Will they be able to vote for the use of force by the international organization, without coming back to Congress each time to ask its permission? I think of the length of time Congress sometimes takes to pass legislation, especially with the filibuster possibility. And then I think of the short time it takes to conquer a country with modern blitzkrieg methods. And I say we must find a way, if we really want to prevent war.

The next problem Congress must decide on is how large a quota of force we will contribute to the United Nations organization. And finally, how the financing will be handled.

I wonder if my Senators have thought about these questions. I wonder if they have made up their minds. I suppose I could ask them.

Perhaps that's what Mr. Hull had in mind when he said that my opinion mattered. Perhaps that's what Mr. Stettinius had in mind, when he succeeded Mr. Hull and reorganized the State Department stressing public relations.

I will ask them. If they want to know how far they can go with their plans for peace, I'll tell them. I'll write my Senators and State Department a letter today. Go all the way, I'll say. Vote for these Dumbarton Oaks Proposals. They sound fine to me. Even if they are imperfect and incomplete, the alternative is World War III. Let us join this United Nations organization to keep the peace, and let's make it work.



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(Continued from page 31)

oblivious to the beautiful foliage about her, the greetings of children and neighbors. Memories were flooding in on her, precious memories, and some that hurt. She hadn't married Sam Collins, the new, young doctor. Instead she'd pledged herself to be loyal to James Escart, until he died. She'd never regretted it, not at all. For that marriage had given her a son, Jim—the Jim who was now off to war. He'd gone just like his father before him, only this Jim was a captain in the Engineering Corps. He'd stayed out as long as he could but the challenge had been too strong. At thirty he'd made the decision; there was no delaying it longer.

She remembered when his father went, kissing them both good-by. She recalled the letters she received and finally the night when a knock on the front door brought her the news. It had been bad news and she had climbed the stairs to weep by her son's bed, to spend the rest of the night praying that she would make him a good mother, that she would somehow be able to take his father's place. And then she remembered trying to explain things to him and how futile it had been to make a three-year-old understand things like patriotism and death. As a matter of fact, she hadn't understood them herself, she knew now.

Her body ached as she reached her little place on the outskirts of the village. She went into the kitchen and put some water on to boil. She wanted some tea to warm herself.

Sitting before the stove, she considered things. Jim was gone. It had been a great two weeks they had shared together. He'd come back on his final leave. She'd cooked him the things he always liked, the way he liked them. They'd talked frankly about Martha and his love for her. "I want to live in this old house after everything's over," he'd said. "It's not too far from New York. I can commute. Martha has agreed." He'd smiled at her. "I know we can get along together, all of us."

That was when she'd been tempted to say, "Jim, the place will be all yours pretty soon. You can just count me out in a few months." But she hadn't. Instead she'd said, "I know we'll be very happy together."

She didn't feel like doing much so she just puttered around, picking things up, putting the house in order. At noon she cut a slice of cold lamb and made a sandwich. She ate it with another cup of hot tea and then she did the few dishes and sat down to rest. Strange how weak she'd become of late, how easy it was for her to get tired.

It was one o'clock when she heard steps on the porch and a rap on the door. "Come in," she cried.



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It was Martha. "Am I too early?" She smiled up at the girl. Jim had chosen well. Of course, he was a long time doing it. He should have been married seven years earlier, but that was Jim. He had to have everything just right, enough money, good prospects. And then, after he'd been to college and out in the world, he'd come back home to Martha. And he couldn't have done better, Ellen thought to herself. She was pretty and had a lot of sense.

"You're never early," she said. "I want to help you with your canning."

But they didn't do any canning. The apples were never touched, and neither were the carrots and the beets. They sat and talked, all afternoon, and mostly about Jim.

"Tell me about him when he was a boy, Martha said. "You know, I never came here until I was sixteen. He was twenty-two then and away to school."

Nice of her to want to talk about Jim, Ellen thought to herself. Considerate, she was. "Oh, Jim was just an average boy, Martha. He was lazy at times and full of mischief. I even said once that he'd never amount to anything."

And for the rest of the afternoon the two women just talked about the man they both loved. The time did not drag, and when the shadows lengthened both were surprised that night was so near.

"He's about at camp now," Ellen said at last.

Martha glanced at her watch. "Would you mind if I stayed to supper?"

Bless her heart. Would she mind? There was one thing she wished the girl would do—call her "Mother." She missed that more than anything else today. "I'd love to have you, Martha," she said.

Together they fixed the meal and Ellen Escart bowed her head and said a few simple words of thanksgiving, for the food, for her home, for Jim. And then to herself—. . . and for the six months, O God, I thank Thee, too."

It was dark when they finished the dishes. They had not hurried; there was no need. Martha hesitated as she put the drying cloth on the rack behind the stove. "Would you mind . . . that is, if you'd like to have me, I'd like to stay overnight."

Ellen Escart drew her breath in sharply. How did the girl know that she dreaded the nights so much? That she would lie awake tonight and think of that other night when the knock sounded and she was told that she was a widow, with a fatherless son? She drew the girl to her and kissed her. "If you're certain you don't mind, I'd love to have you."

They went in and listened to the radio. At first there were raucous news flashes, about war, death, disease and pestilence and then the girl turned to some quiet music that seemed to flood the old house

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with an air of peace and calm.

At ten o'clock they started upstairs. "You'll sleep in his bed, Martha," Ellen said quietly. She knew that was right, the way it should be. For a long time she lay very still in her own bed, staring up into the blackness, wondering, fearing, hoping and praying.

O God, she breathed, six months is so little time. Couldn't you make it a year, just for me? Then she caught herself. No. . . . He'd be home, perhaps, before that and see her condition. He must be spared that. No. . . . God knew best. Six months. . . . that was better.

At last she fell into a fitful sleep only to be awakened by a noise. She listened. Maybe Martha was moving around, unable to sleep. Then she heard it again. Somebody was knocking on her door, downstairs.

"Yes! Yes!" she called. "I'll be right down." Who could want her at this time of night? What was wrong? It couldn't be. . . . No. Not Jim!

Getting into her bathrobe she hurried down the stairs as fast as she could, sensing, even as she went, that it was not fast enough. Then she flung the door open. For a second she was confused. Sam Collins stood there. She felt herself growing faint and she clung to the door to save herself from falling.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Ellen," the physician said. "May I come in?"

"It's . . . it's not . . . Jim," she said slowly, fearfully.

He smiled. "It's not Jim," he assured her as he entered.

She glanced at the clock and the hands were at twelve thirty. "Then. . . ?"

"Sit down, Ellen. I want to talk to you."

Obediently and confused she sank into a chair. "You're certain Jim is all right, Sam?"

"It's about you, Ellen, that I've come," he said quietly.

"Me?"

"Yes. You see, Ellen, these are days of strain and confusion. We are all making mistakes, even when we think we're very efficient. Well, there's been one made about you."

She was still thinking of Jim, wondering if after all Sam wasn't on a mission of sorrow. "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, it's like this. I had you go to the best hospital in the state for your examination. But they make mistakes, too, and they made a serious one in your case."

Stark fear gripped her. "You mean . . . I haven't got even three months?" "It's not that kind of a mistake, Ellen," he said softly. "It seems that when they filed your X-ray picture they got the numbers mixed up. The X-ray was not of you. It was of somebody



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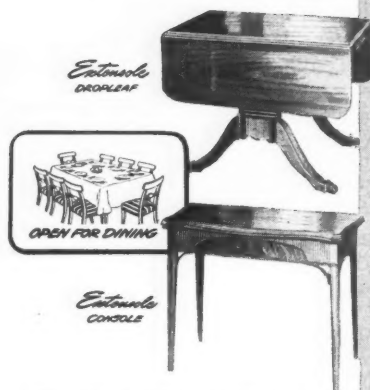
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else, Ellen. And I know we're both very sorry for that person, but in the meantime you're not very sick at all. There's nothing I can't cure in a few weeks. You need some vitamins and some rest. In fact, you need me, a good doctor, Ellen."

But Ellen Escart still didn't understand fully. "But... why did you come at this hour?"

"Because I hadn't opened my mail for two days until about fifteen minutes ago. And I know what nights can mean, the pain they bring and the heartaches. And I pictured you lying upstairs, trying to sleep, worrying and fretting and I couldn't stand it. So I came at once."

She was crying now, openly and ashamed. "You are a great man, Sam Collins."

"You know, Ellen, I've been thinking about Jim and Martha. They don't want you around when they start house-keeping. You should know that."

"But..." He interrupted her. "And my house needs a woman very badly."

"Me, Sam? Why I'm an old woman." "Not at all. You feel old. You've had so much to worry about it's made you think you're old. But you're not."

"I should think it over," she protested. "After all these years?"

It was after he was gone that she climbed the stairs. Strange how young she felt now.

A voice from Jim's room called. "Mother! Is there anything wrong?"

Mother! That sounded so nice. "No, Daughter, everything's all right. We can sleep now."

But for a long time she didn't. She just kept saying to herself, "Nights can be so beautiful."

### ANSWER WITHOUT CEASING

(Continued from page 21)

Then it happened. The old forgotten words drew aside a curtain in the little boy's mind, and he remembered the twilight in the cabin, and the face bending above him... the fire on the hearth, and the safety and warmth... He came running to her, his face twisted with bewilderment, his mouth working to try and form a strange word that was rising in his mind, untouchable as smoke. Then he said the word... that absurd, two-syllabled sound which is more instinct than word.

"Ma-ma?" he said uncertainly. Then he said it again, and this time exuberantly, for now he knew what it meant.

He had forgotten who he was; he had forgotten his own mother, but he had remembered a prayer. The remembering of that prayer, so deeply imbedded in his memory, had been its own answer... the "seed within itself." Perhaps when the simple definition is found, it will be discovered that the prayer is

CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945 • PAGE 64

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Prayers make all men the same, in size and importance. True prayer is the greatest democracy in the universe. There cannot be prayer without brotherhood; there cannot be democracy without true reverence for Almighty God and man.

Today in many hearts, prayers are coming to the surface. Men and women who never have prayed before, have discovered what prayer means, this year. When some terror splits the mind wide open, or when some agony of battle cleaves away the superficial and the clever, men have found a prayer lying exposed—a child's prayer, often, with words incongruously innocent, and faith as simple as faith must be.

Thousands of men in the fight . . . and some of us at home . . . have made this discovery this year when we needed it the most. Sometimes we try to tell about it, and sometimes we find the truth unutterable.

A boy whom I have never seen wrote to me from the Pacific, thanking me for something I had said about all this. Whatever I had given that boy, he gave me back something radiant, in these words:

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PAGE 65 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945

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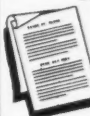
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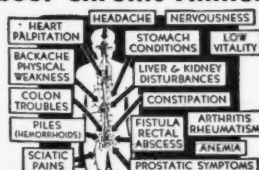
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pounding on his door. Munk, talking over the telephone to a lawyer friend, said briefly, "The Germans have come for me," and hung up. His wife, Elise Marie, and their five children stood by helplessly as he was hustled into a big gray automobile and driven out of the village, to the east. He spoke only once to Elise Marie: "It is my wish that my colleague, Pastor Nyegaard, shall preach my funeral sermon." He knew.

They questioned him at headquarters—and got nowhere with their questions. At dusk, he was turned over to a few Nazis and Schalburg men (the Schalburg Corps was originally a band of bloodstained Nazi hirelings recruited to help fight on the Eastern front). They left headquarters with the prisoner.

A high-powered car tore through the night at the edge of a spruce plantation half a dozen miles from town; it slowed down slightly as something was dumped out, into the ditch. The car roared away in the night. Next morning, a farm laborer on his way to work found the bullet-riddled body in the ditch, turned it over and looked into the face of dead Kaj Munk. The laborer picked up a small black briefcase on which had been scribbled in chalk the words: "You were a swine, anyhow, even though you were in German service." It was the crowning lie; the assassins wanted Denmark to believe that Kaj Munk was a German agent. Denmark didn't believe it.

The body was brought back to town and placed in the hospital chapel, where 4,000 people filed by in silence. All work stopped. All the schools were closed. Flags were lowered to half-mast throughout the country until a German order forced them up again. A search was started by the Danish police; topnotch Inspector Otto Himmelstrup worked for ten days on the case, presented a 127-page report to his chief, Begtrup-Hansen—the Germans suppressed it. But the air got so stuffy that at least two Gestapo hirelings had to get away hurriedly for Germany. An underground paper got on the trail, and told a complete story to contradict the official (German) account of the Kaj Munk who had "been found dead on the road."

There were 3,000 people at the funeral. Pastor Moe Nyegaard preached.

On January 13, Kaj Munk would have been 46 years old. But now his head has been served up on Herod's platter, and he had laid his axe at the root of the tree, and he lives, a consuming fire, a spirit to be loved tomorrow, when Herod will be hissed around the world.

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PAGE 67 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1945

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# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Ever Stuff a Drain-pipe?

Night fell and the two tramps began to look around for a place to lay their heads.

"What yer going to use as a pillow?" asked Willie.

"This bit of drain-pipe," said Tom. "Drain-pipe?" echoed his companion. "Won't that be a bit hard?"

"Course not," said Tom. "I'm going to stuff it with straw."

—Watchword.

### Do You?

Teacher—What is Francis Scott Key famous for?

Bennie—He knew all four verses of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

—Exchange.

### Surprise

"I see by the critics," said the professor, "that the music recital was a tremendous success!"

"Yes," replied his friend, "I had no idea we were enjoying it half so much at the time!"

—Protestant Voice.

### Correspondence

Dear Tom:

Come tomorrow evening sure. Pappa is at home, but he is laid up with a very sore foot. See?

Mary.

Dear Mary:

I can't come tomorrow evening. I'm laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See?

Tom.

—Pell-Mell.

### Oh, Henry!

Henry—I want three potted geranium plants.

Florist—Sorry, we're out of geraniums, but we have some nice potted chrysanthemums.

Henry—No, they won't do. You see, I promised my wife I'd water her geraniums while she was away.

—Lookout.

### Not Fair

Two fishermen sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, were trying to see which would catch the first fish. One of them got a bite and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.

"Oh, well," said the other, "if you're going to dive for them, I'll give up."

—Exchange.

### Tame Oats

An Oklahoma farmer roused his new harvest hand from slumber in the haymow promptly at 3 A.M.

"John," he ordered, "you can slip down and cut that patch of oats before breakfast."

"Are they wild oats?" sleepily inquired the hired hand.

"Wild? No, of course not."

"Well, if they are tame, I guess I can slip up on them in daylight."

—Selected.

### No Change

The passenger boarded a streetcar, felt in his pocket for change, then apologetically tendered the conductor a five-dollar bill: "I'm sorry; I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, mister," grimly comforted the conductor, "in a minute you'll have 99 of them!"

—Mentholology.

### Honors Even

The street-corner orator had been called on to answer more questions than he expected and he was becoming rather muddled.

"Tell them all you know," shouted a heckler during an awkward pause. "It won't take you long."

"I'll tell them all we both know," replied the orator, "and it won't take me any longer!"

—Kablegram.

### Talkative

A man who had always wanted to own a parrot noticed a sign reading "Auction" outside a pet shop. He went inside and was delighted to see a beautiful parrot in a cage. When it was put up for auction the man bid. He started with \$5, but across the room a voice bid \$10. The auctioneer called for more bids and the man raised his bid to \$15. The same voice kept bidding against him. Soon the man had to bid \$50. This time, when the auctioneer called for more bids, the other bidder was silent.

"Sold to the highest bidder for \$50," said the auctioneer. When the man stepped up to claim his parrot, it occurred to him to find out whether the parrot could talk.

"Say, can this bird talk?" he asked the auctioneer.

"Can it talk?" said the auctioneer. "Who do you think was bidding against you?"

—Junior Scholastic.

### First Aid

She was on her way home from a first-aid course when she saw a man lying prone in the middle of the sidewalk. His face was cradled on one arm; the other arm was twisted under him in a peculiar position. Without a moment's hesitation, she got down on her knees and went to work.

"Lady," said the victim after a few moments, "I don't know what you're doing, but I wish you'd quit tickling me. I'm trying to hold a lantern for this fellow down in the manhole."

—Grt.